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AFTER THE STORM, HAVEN.

"LIT." PRIZE STORY. GEORGE P. WHEELER, PENNSYLVANIA.

MINE is a simple tale. I know not how to put it into fine words, for we live at best a hard, busy life, we Lisle folks, with small time for pen-work. For we live hard by the sea, where all day long we hear the swish of the surf frothing on the rocks, and see the net-poles in the bay sway back and forth with the tide, and where a fresh, sweet wind from the ocean can blow all the hardness and bitterness out of our hearts.

And we grow to love the sea. It is so like a human being—ever restless, stirring, throbbing, as though continually craving a something it cannot find. But it is not always so; it is treacherous sometimes. When the little shining waves chase each other over the sand, catching at the pebbles and the bunches of dark weed, rippling and murmuring as they creep along the hollows of the rock; when at sea there is no motion save a long swell that rocks the

vessel like a cradle; when the water breaks up into tossing gleams of fire, and when stars shine in the wake of ships at night, then it is that, without a note of warning, the white squall swoops down upon the doomed ship.

There is sore need to trust in God sometimes, even for us women who bide at home. Oh, it is long, wearisome work to sit quite alone and listen to the surf pounding on the rocks, and our ships at sea, for nearly half our town is made up of sea-faring men who come and go. Nearly all of us in Lisle have grown up here. We are not the kind who must needs fly about in search of change. Most of us women folks have fathers or husbands upon the sea, and wait and watch for their coming. And we would not go if we might, for every spot is dear to us, every nook and cranny of the rocks we played about as children, when we built our drift-wood huts against the cliff. But this is not my story as I want to tell it.

I had always known Dan Howell, ever since he first came among us, though he did not often play with us other children, and when he did always seemed ill at ease, and half glad when it was over. Perhaps it was because he was such a great, awkward lad for his age, and because we laughed at him as children will; but, anyway, he liked better to lie on the sand and watch us. The others often used to plague me about him till my face flamed, saying I was his sweet-heart, and he had no eyes for any other lass, but I did not mind them.

But as we came older, he grew more silent—harder to draw out, harder to talk with—but still, he was always the same to me—always ready to help and always so kind.

I cannot remember just when old Captain Blair came to Lisle. It was when I was seventeen or thereabouts. He was a fine old man, liked in all the village; but it was easy to see he was failing, even when he came.

Then there was Nell. She was his niece, and, being an orphan, lived with them. She was a pale little thing—

younger than I—with great sorrowful eyes that seemed out of place at a merry-making. She did not go out much, and then, almost always clinging to the old man's hand. You could see how he loved her; even his son—though he looked up to him with a great pride—even he, I used to think, got less of his love than Nell. Perhaps she, with her sweet ways, filled a niche in the old man's heart that Robin's strong, vigorous life did not know how to fill. But be that as it may, though Nell was liked well, it was nothing to the way Robin, "the young Captain," as they called him, was made a favorite. He was just nineteen, and tall and broad as the older men, and held his head high and cared for no man.

But he was not proud and lofty, though he had money, and would often bear a hand at the tackle and pull with the rest. So, as years went by, it was no wonder that he was thought so highly of. There was no house where Robin Blair was not welcome, and many a cheek blushed high at his coming.

And I—I was always the most silent one of all where he was. I could not understand why my tongue seemed always tied when I spoke to him; all the others could laugh fast enough. But after a while, I knew I would rather sit silent in his presence than sing, for my heart was singing in those days, and when I heard he was to sail with the *Albatross* I went away alone to weep. But he sailed that voyage and no harm came of it; and the next, and a year after the *Albatross* came sailing up the bay safe and sound.

We did not see much of Nell during this while. The old man was ailing most of the time. It was only when the *Albatross* lay in the bay that she came out at all, it seemed to me, and then with Robin. He was always attentive to her, as was natural, and as for her, when I saw her talking with him with cheeks tinted like a sea-shell, and her eyes shining like stars, "Poor child!" I said to myself, "it must be so lonely up at the great house when Robin sails," and thought no more of it.

So the days went by until it came near time for the *Albatross* to sail, and this voyage Robin was to go as her captain. It was to be a long one, he had said to me, but he would not go again for two whole years ; and then he told me, with my hands in his, that he loved me and that his dearest wish was to have me for his wife.

II.

It was just at this time little Elise came to us. She was my dead brother's child, and I loved her when I first saw her. Poor little Elise ! It was lonely for her, I used to think, but she soon made fast friends with Dan Howell and he seemed as fond of her as I.

Ah, those were happy days—those few short weeks before Robin was to sail. I could not help singing as I worked. He loved me ! The gladness seemed to rise in my throat sometimes, and my fingers trembled so I could scarcely hold the needle. The time flew so swiftly that, before I knew it, Tuesday had come, and Thursday the *Albatross* was to sail.

That evening I came upon Nell leaning against the cliff. Her face was hid and she was sobbing bitterly. My hand was upon her shoulder before she knew of my approach. But the instant she saw my face, the flush on her own deepened—she threw off my hand, turned, and sobbing as she went, walked swiftly away. For a single moment I was angry, for the only thought in my heart had been to comfort her, but my anger soon passed away. Still, I could not understand it in Nell.

Next morning there was news indeed. Old Captain Blair had died in the night, and Robin and Nell were left alone. I remember vaguely wondering what Nell would do now that the old man was dead and Robin going on the seas.

The burying was Friday, and I did not see Robin until then. Nearly all the port attended the service—I among them—and it was walking home that we fell to talking of

the old man's death. I cannot think now who told me, or how, but it came out how the old Captain, just before he breathed his last, had called Robin and Nell to his side, had joined their hands as man and wife, and so died blessing them.

The tale turned me daft and blind for a minute, but my voice was calm as I asked, "And do you think he will marry her?"

"Aye, surely," some one answered. "She is all alone now, and one could easily see she cares for him."

When I reached the house I went to my room, locked the door, and had my hour alone. Ah, I knew now! Nell's tears—all the little things—all came back to me. "I see it all now," I said; "she loves him."

There was a knock at the door below, and choking back my tears, I ran down stairs and flung it open, looking to see the child, and there, hat in hand, stood Robin Blair.

The blood flew to my cheeks as I saw him. "Martha," he said, "I wanted to speak with you before I went—you know the *Albatross* sails to-morrow."

"Well," I answered.

He seated himself on the step and looked out to sea. (I thought he did not want me to see his face.) "Martha," he said, "father's death must needs make great changes in our home. I wanted to see you about Nell. Martha, I cannot leave her alone. Father—"

But I broke in sharply—how could I know that he merely wanted to see Nell in good hands before he sailed?—"I see no reason," I said, "why you should leave her." Oh, he need not come beating the bush! He might marry her if he wished, and welcome! And my pride rose up hotly. "I have thought it all over since, Captain Blair, and I tell you now it was all a mistake—I will never marry you—never!"

"Martha!" was all he said, and rose up before me.

His seeming surprise only angered me. He need not mock me! God knows I was not myself that afternoon; I

do not know what I said. He was proud too, and in another moment he had turned and left the place. As for me, the tears I had been too proud to show came fast enough when I was alone. But somehow tears ease the heart, and I think I wept all the bitterness of my grief away. Then, when calmer thoughts came, I reproached myself. I had been too hasty—too bitter! What if I had been mistaken after all! What if he loved me! Then I remembered how white his face had grown when he rose up from the step.

So I sat down and wrote all that was in my heart—what I had heard—all my doubts and pride. And finally, I told him I loved him still.

It was dusk before I finished the letter, and I would not trust the child to carry it, so as Dan Howell passed, I gave it into his hands for Robin Blair. He was going straight past the great house he said, and could just as well leave it.

So I waited. "He will come," I thought; but as the evening wore on I waited with a dull pain at my heart. All night I sat and listened for his foot-fall, when I knew it was too late.

At last I remembered the *Albatross* was to sail that morning, and crept out on the cliff just as the first streak of dawn fell across the sea. There lay the *Albatross*. As I gazed, there was a flutter of canvas, and the great sail rose slowly to her peak. I waited until the last boat put off from shore, and saw her stand down the bay. And so my ship sailed away.

It was still early morning when I knew it all. Robin and Nell were married at early dawn, and she had sailed with him.

III.

My pride kept me up for a long while. I went out about the village, and wore a smiling face and strove to be merry, but it was too hard—too hard.

So, after a time, I gave up the struggle and lay down. It was so pleasant to be sick—so pleasant. I lay and rested; I did not even think. I saw the crooked limbs of the oaks through the window, and the vine climbing over the porch, and, far away, the gleam of the sun on the sea. I saw all this as one sees strange faces in a dream, and knows them. There was always a murmuring in my ears, as of a sloping beach in some sunny bay, or like the whispering of a ship's sails.

But by-and-by dreams came—dark, troublous dreams—and always there were three figures mingled in them, Robin, and I, and Nell—always we three, and sometimes Dan Howell too, and, interwoven with their faces, storms and wrecks, and great ships, and lonely, far-off islands, and through it all a thread of laughter, and sobs and tears. But as I grew stronger, all this passed away, and I began to live again.

When, at last, I could sit up, I used to sit before the large window and watch the sea, and then I thought of the many women who bide at home and watch, wild with fears, for their ships at sea. Then I thought of my ship—my ship that sailed away—and as I thought, hot, blinding tears dropped through my fingers. My life was very desolate. God knows how desolate! It seemed as though the sky was all dark sometimes—not a ray of light anywhere for me. And when the *Annabelle* came in, with all her white sails spread—when nigh all the port went down to meet her crew—I could not. I had no place there, I said. It may be I was hard, but it seemed like death to me. My ship had not come in.

But, sometimes, when the gale was high, and a rough tide on, I thought how, five years before, in the bitter cold, the *Mermaid* went down with all on board. I remembered the still forms the waves brought in, and the faces of the women, all white and worn with the fierce despair. And then I thanked God that, though lost to me, somewhere on the wide waters, or in the haven, my ship was in safety.

After a time, I grew strong enough to take short walks when the sun was warm along the beach. So it seemed only by chance, at first, that I would meet Dan Howell. And then he would walk with me—slowly, for I was still weak—giving me his arm where the rocks ran across our path, and telling me all the while strange tales of the Indies where he sailed when a lad.

And I listened and was glad. I had felt so alone, that the companionship was so pleasant. "He *must* know!" I thought sometimes, and at the thought felt my cheeks flame scarlet, but he gave no sign. He was so kind! Never a two days passed but he stopped at the door, and, in the moonlit evenings, I sat muffled up in the stern, while he rowed me around the bay in his boat, or across to Natick light and back.

I was happier then, and it helped me to forget the dull pain that came over me sometimes alone.

So the time went on. Twice the spring came and went, and I was well again. One afternoon I walked far down the beach. The world looked very bright that day, so bright that I wondered how it was everything seemed in a snarl. Why was it things went so wrong—why? And before I knew it I was weeping again—bitter, bitter tears, too, as though it were only yesterday that Robin Blair sailed away.

I did not know Dan was near until I heard his voice, all of a tremble. "Lass," he said, "Lass, don't take on so. Don't. Oh lass, if you only knew how I —" and here he choked up and turned and looked away.

For one moment I was angry, even in my grief. He knew now. Only a moment; then I sobbed again.

He turned, and his face was very pale. "Lass," he said, "I've loved you many and many a year. Couldn't you trust me? God knows I'd care for you true and sure! Think, lass. Don't say no! You can't think what it means to me!"

But I could not listen. "No, no," I said. "You don't know, Dan; you don't know!"

His face grew suddenly dark. "Yes, I do," he said hoarsely, "I do. But, lass, don't think of him as has gone. There are others—others as love you true."

I could not meet his eyes, and only sobbed on. He did not speak for a long time, and when he turned to me again his face was drawn. "I'll wait!" he said, "I've waited years and years now, but I'll bide my time. Maybe—" But I only shook my head. So he left me.

IV.

It was full a week before I saw him again, and then before my own door. He stopped to tell me a bit of news, and passed on, just as he had done for so long. And he came again, and was the same Dan that I had known—always so gentle and kind with me.

So time went on. Once—twice he asked me, but I could not say "yes." But he used to come in and sit in the long evenings, and cheer the house; and many a day he would take little Elise out upon the beach, and so they would sit for hours, he spinning wonderful yarns of mermaids and the gold that covered the bottom of the sea, and she clinging with her little, wasted hands to his brown ones, and listening with her big eyes on his face. Many a day I've watched them (I could see the beach from my window) and thanked God for Dan. I grew so tired, sometimes, of her childish prattle, though I loved the child with all my heart.

It was the child that opened the old matter between us. Nearly a year had rolled around since Dan had last asked me to be his wife. We three—Dan and I and the child—were sitting together on the cliff, watching the distant sails. He had been telling her stories, and I had been listening dreamily, with half-closed eyes. I half believe I enjoyed them as much as the child sometimes, but finally I had let

my thoughts carry me far away. Suddenly the child's voice broke in on my reverie—"Going away!" she cried. "O, Martha, Martha, do you hear? he is going away over the sea!" and in another moment she was sobbing in my arms.

Dan's face was sad and grave. "Don't take on so, little one," he said gently, laying his hand on her hair. "I'm coming back sometime, and there will be lots of pretty things in my chest for you."

But she would not be comforted. "Don't let him go, Martha," she cried at last. "I shall be so lonely. Ask him to stay."

"Elise, dear," I said, "Dan knows. We shall miss him very much, though."

"*Why* must you go?" she cried hotly. "Old Alsen doesn't. *He* never goes."

"He has a wife to care for," I said unthinkingly. Every word of the child's was leading us both further and further into deep water.

"Why haven't *you*? Why don't you marry Martha here, and so stay?"

"Hush—hush!" I said, but it was too late. Dan bent down and buried his face in the child's lap before he answered, while I turned mine away. His voice came low, so low that I could hardly hear it. "She will not let me, little one."

Then she turned on me. "You will, won't you, Martha?" she cried. "Do, do, Martha, dear. Tell him you will. Tell him!"

I covered my face with my hands. I had not realized how empty my life would be again if he should go. And then there was the child.

I raised my eyes and met his. "Lass," he said, tender and low, "can't you say yes? I've waited long, and I'll do my duty by the child."

I looked far out to sea; not a sail in sight. Then I turned and held out my hand. "It's all I have to give," I

cried. "My heart is dead, Dan. It's all I have, but if you want it—"

He took it tenderly, while the child looked on with wondering eyes. "I'll do my best," he said solemnly, "and God help me!"

"Does that mean yes?" Elise asked joyfully. "Does that mean yes?" And I answered, "Yes, dear; it means yes."

"I am so glad!" the little one said. "Now you'll stay, won't you?" His face was strangely set. "God willing, I'll stay," he answered. "Aye, God willing, I will."

V.

Everybody in Lisle remembers how the gale came that night. It had been a glorious day, and as the child and I went home along the cliffs, we turned back to watch the golden tints of the sunset. But that night—

Oh, Lisle will never forget that night, for it brought death to many a heart in the village. The gale swooped down from the east with never a warning sound. There were no gulls flying low, no sound of the low moaning that so often bodes the tempest, not a cloud in the sky an hour before it came. But the wind all of a sudden leaped up and dashed in from the sea, shrieking like a mad thing. Oh, it was a wild night! Every now and then a gust would come that made the old house tremble like a dumb creature, and when I opened the door, I could hardly shut it, the wind leaped against it so.

I had just made all fast, and was peering out through the window at the flaring lamps in the village, when there came a sudden knock at the door. The wind came in with a rush when I opened it, and with it Meg Gillian, who lived next beyond me. "There's a ship driving straight onto the point, Martha," she cried. "The wind's coming on like mad, and I'm fearing there's no hope for them. I'm going down."

"Wait," I cried, "I will go with you." I buttoned my cloak with trembling fingers. The child had been long asleep, and I had no fear for her, so I hurried on with Meg against the wind and rain that stung our faces like a lash. We had to stop for breath more than once, and when we reached the old pier we found quite a throng there before us.

Almost the first one I saw was Dan. He was equipped with oil-skins and lantern, and looked surprised and even vexed to see me out in this storm with nothing by way of covering save a woman's cloak. But I could not stay behind, I told him.

He went and brought me a great seaman's coat and wrapped me warm in it from the rain. Then we waited together.

She was coming straight on—only a few minutes and she must strike, and nothing could save her. And all along we could hear the steady "boo-om" of her guns, while I prayed in my heart and so did every woman there, for the *Albatross* was somewhere on the sea.

"She's struck, lads! She's struck!" cried someone in the crowd. "Can anyone tell what she is?" But the darkness was too blank, and there was silence, only one voice cried fervently above the tempest, "Poor lads! Christ help 'em; we can't!"

The sea swept over her continually, and now and then we could see black forms against the white foam of the waves, which rose, floated a moment and then went under forever. Oh, it was terrible to see! I looked till I grew sick, and turned my eyes away.

"See thee, lads," I heard some one cry. "See thee! There's a spar, an' some one's on it." And, sure enough, inside of the cruel line of rocks came floating, floating, a spar and a human form which every now and then the waves hid so long that I sobbed and held my breath lest it should never rise again.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow! He must be a'near gone now; he'll never last out the second breakers!" cried Meg in my ear. "O, lads, lads, can't we save him? Who'll try?"

"It's no use!" said one, roughly. "It 'ud be death!" I began to cry weakly.

On a sudden, Dan Howell threw off his skin coat and began to lash a line about his waist.

"What, man! Are you gone?" cried several.

"Aye, going to save him." And almost before I knew what he was about, he had run far out on the pier and plunged in.

Those were moments of fearful anxiety to the men on shore as they watched him battling strongly with those mighty waves. "He can't do it—he can't ne'er do it!" they said, but still the light line ran out, and even while they were saying it, he had crossed the last white ring of surf and was close to the spar.

Then it was that a great surging wave seemed to lift the floating beam high on its crest and dash it down—down—Oh, God!—right upon the swimmer. A groan went up from the crowd, but presently, as the wave broke and went rearing in against the shore, there were two figures floating clinging there.

Then, slowly but surely, they drew in the line, easing up when a wave brought the spar in further and when it had passed gathering in the slack. And when they were close the men were waiting breast-deep in the surf to lift them in their arms and carry them up out of the waves.

But then, all at once, a cry went up from the people—a wondering cry—mingled with a sudden wail from the women. I pushed the men aside, and there, lashed to the spar, all stiff and cold, was Nell, and on the sand beside her, white and ghastly, but—thank God! thank God!—still breathing, lay Robin Blair.

And so my ship had come home.

VI.

Meg put her arm around me and led me out of the circle; everything swam about me for an instant. But in a moment I remembered Dan. He was hurt; I would go to him. So I turned and pushed my way through the people till I came to where he was lying. I stood behind him and watched; I could not trust myself to speak then.

He was saying something in broken sentences, and I bent down to hear.

"The spar has done it for me, lads, I guess," he said. He lay on the sand, breathing in a faint, weak fashion, and his voice had a pitiful catch in it.

"It's no use, Jem," with a faint sigh as some one attempted to loose his jacket. "No use. I'm too hard hit I'm afraid."

It was some time before he spoke again, and his lips were white and drawn. His eyes opened and searched the group with a nameless longing in them. "Where is she? I want to say one word before—before it'll be too late."

I was standing there behind him, and when I heard, I came around and knelt down on the wet sand. He turned his head with a faint groan as he saw me.

"Lass," he said, "I've something to say to you. This here is bad enough, but there's a worse hurt, and it's what I'm going to tell you. You'll hate me, most likely."

"No,—no," I cried, for I thought the blow and the water had dazed him. "No,—no. You've been nothing but kind to me—nothing but kind!" I could scarcely see for tears.

"Wait a bit, lass," he said, and there was a stony despair in his face. "The end's nigh now. I've wronged you bitter, but I've got my pay for it at the end."

"Lass, maybe as you've guessed, I loved you ever since I chased your little red shawl down the rocks where the wind carried it, and brought it back to you. You were nought but a little lass then, and I a great lumbering lad, but I loved you even then."

I thought him wandering.

"And when you went home from the church in the dark, you never guessed that there was some one behind you who would have milled any one that frightened you. I never dared say much then. Not that you were hard or rough, lass, but somehow, when your big dark eyes flashed on mine, my heart came up in my throat and choked me. But through it all, remember, I loved you, dear."

He was silent awhile now, and flung one arm up over his face. I heard a kind of short, sharp sob, and when he took it down there was a dumb agony in his eyes. In a moment he spoke again.

"I used to think you cared for me, lass—a little, sometimes, for you used to speak gentle and kind to me till—till Captain Blair come. I didn't see for a long time, but it came to me all of a sudden—how I didn't have any show against him. I saw you often, lass, with him, and he was handsome, and my hands as brown as sea-weed. God forgive me! I hated him then, and hated him bitter. Lass, lass—don't turn away. I've got my pay for it; I've almost ended it all now. Think how many years I've loved you—and then to see another man step in and take what I'd have risked my soul for. Think a bit! And I loved you—that was the whole of it, I loved you."

"And now I'm coming to the end, lass. You'll hate me, and that's the worse hurt—aye, worse even than the dying! I saw him go from you that afternoon, and I guessed the matter. You mind the letter, lass—the letter you gave me. I never gave it to him. I couldn't bear—don't, lass! Don't look so white and wild! Remember—."

He tried to raise himself, but the blood welled up in his throat, and he fell back and shut his eyes with a long groan. I wiped away the red drops from his wan lips, sobbing so that I could hardly see. It was so long past now—all the pain and the sorrow—that I had no room in my heart,

thank God! for anger. Only a great thanksgiving that Robin had not known.

After a long time, his eyes opened and fixed on mine with a dumb, agonized pleading in them.

"Lass," he whispered, and his voice was weaker now, "Lass, do you hate me all? Just one word, just one, as how you forgive me!"

"Oh yes; yes, I do!" I cried, through my tears. Then a peace settled over the features.

"Dear—dear lass," he whispered, and saying this, his eyes closed for the last time.

VII.

Years had gone by when Robin Blair and I met again. The cliff had grown green and faded five times since the night the *Albatross* went down in the racking gale.

Three years before, little Elise, holding my hand, had fallen asleep forever.

It had all gone long ago—all the fierce longing of the past—all the heart-ache, and the bitter blinding tears, and little by little, a peace had fallen upon me such as one feels in the holy quiet of God's house, when every breath is hushed before the final blessing. We were both older now; our spring had gone by, and there were gray threads in our hair.

We were walking together on the sand, busy with our own thoughts. Finally he stood still.

"Martha," he said, and took my hands, "the past is dead. The morning is gone, but the afternoon, please God, will be brighter. Martha, will you help to brighten mine?"

I did not answer. There was no need. Words are worthless things sometimes.

Just a word more—

Far up on the cliff, in the little village burying-ground, side by side, lie two graves.

One bears a scroll with the inscription,

"NELL,
WIFE OF ROBIN BLAIR,
Lost in the wreck of the *Albatross*,
May 9th, 1847."

The other is a plain shaft of stone. On the top are the words,

"DANIEL HOWELL,
AGED 29."

And cut below it, the simple line,

"He hath suffered."

THE MUSIC OF MEMORY.

THE storm is past—and overweary nature
Creeps, like an evening shade, a stilling peace;
The thunder's peals have melted into silence,
Reverberating till afar they cease.
No rustle stirs the leaflets of the forests,
No breath of heaven bends the grasses' blade,
A thoughtful stillness scatters sweet contentment
In every place where once wild tempests played.
But hark! a sad, pathetic strain of music
Steals o'er the earth with mournful melody,
And to the peaceful heart imparts a longing
For what once was but never more shall be.

So when the toils of busy day are ended
And vexing cares and battles nobly fought,
We gladly seek the evening meditation,
To spend an hour of calm repose and thought;
E'en then some sudden fancy thrills and holds us—
Unbinds the harp of memory, smites the chord
Of selfish love, that quivering long and sadly
Recalls to listening hearts kind deeds ignored,
Rich opportunities for good unheeded,
That would have brightened many a day,
Yet now all gone. O, list to memory's warning,
"Life's moments fly, go labor while you may."

"REJECTED ADDRESSES."

ON THE 14th of August, 1812, the following advertisement appeared in most of the London daily papers :

REBUILDING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

"The Committee are desirous of promoting a free and fair competition for an address to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place on the 10th of October next. They have, therefore, thought fit to announce to the public that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their Secretary, at the Treasury Office, in Drury-lane, on or before the 10th of September, sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number or motto on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the successful candidate."

At that day were living such men as Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Moore, Southey and others—now of established fame, but even then of considerable note. Such men, it was thought, would not contribute upon an occasion when all the inferiority of London would be poured in upon the Committee. This proved to be false, however, and the result showed a large number of contributions from nearly all the living writers.

Among these, Horace Smith, then of no literary note whatever, contributed an address which met with the fate it merited in being rejected. Somewhat piqued, possibly, by this, he joined with his brother James, and they two set before them a task which was nothing else than imitating in verse and prose all the prominent authors of the day. These articles they were to publish as being the genuine addresses rejected by the Drury-lane Theatre Committee. By prodigious labor they succeeded in completing the task in time to have it published by the opening of the theatre. Then, however, came their disappointment. Strangers to the manners of publishers, they little anticipated that they would meet with refusals. But such proved to be their

experience. Their manuscripts were respectfully declined by several of the most eminent publishers. They persisted, however, and relate their amusing experience with a bookseller in Bond Street, whom they found in his back-parlor, "with his gouty leg propped upon a cushion; in spite of which warning, he diluted his luncheon with frequent glasses of Maderia.

"What have you already written?' was his first question, an interrogatory to which we had been subjected in almost every instance. 'Nothing by which we can be known.' 'Then I am afraid to undertake the publication.' We presumed timidly to suggest that every writer must have a beginning, and that to refuse to publish for him until he had acquired a name was to imitate the sapient mother who cautioned her son against going into the water until he could swim. 'An old joke, a regular Joe!' exclaimed our companion, tossing off another bumper. 'Still older than Joe Miller,' was our reply, 'for, if we mistake not, it is the very first anecdote in the *facetiæ* of Hieracles.' 'Ha, sirs!' resumed the bibliopoliſt, 'you are learned, are you? So, soh! Well, leave your manuscript with me; I will look it over to-night, and give you an answer to-morrow.' Punctual as the clock, we presented ourselves at his door on the following morning, when our papers were returned to us with this observation: 'These trifles are not really deficient in smartness; they are well, vastly well, for beginners; but they will never do—never. They would not pay for advertising, and without it I should not sell fifty copies.'"

This was evidently very discouraging. They were willing, they said, to raise a laugh at the expense of others, but not at their own cost, especially as they did not know how much it would involve.

In this dilemma they bethought themselves, by good fortune, of John Miller, a dramatic publisher, then in Bow street, Covent garden. This gentleman had no sooner scanned the manuscripts than he immediately made them

an offer, which amounted to sharing the profits, *if there were any*. They gladly closed the bargain. From the very first appearance, the success of the work was rapid and decided, and none were more astonished than its authors.

Those whom they had parodied were the most appreciative and among the first to acknowledge their delight. Lord Byron, who proved to be the successful competitor, said in answer to the imitation of his style, "Tell him I forgive him, were he twenty times over our satirist." Scott exclaimed upon reading the parody of his style, "I certainly must have written this myself! although I forget upon what occasion." And William Spencer was delighted when he learned he was to meet one of the authors at a dinner party. The *Rejected Addresses* were the hit of the day, and edition after edition was sold.

Lord Jeffreys' note regarding them, will give an excellent idea of their value, which continued to be recognized and appreciated as late as 1843, when the note was written. "I take the *Rejected Addresses*," said he, "to be the very best imitations (and often of difficult originals) that ever were made; and considering their great extent and variety, to indicate a talent to which I do not know where to look for a parallel. Some few of them descend to the level of parodies; but by far the greater part are of a much higher description."

These *Addresses* are still of interest to English readers, though we cannot enjoy them as keenly as we might, did we understand all the local coloring. But who can fail, upon reading Wordsworth's *Alice Fell*, the poor child whose cloak became entangled in the wheels of a passing carriage—

"There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

* * * * *

"Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, 'My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.'"

Who can fail to appreciate the imitation of Wordsworth's "mawkish affectation of childish simplicity and nursery stammering," as Jeffreys puts it, in the *Rejected Addresses* entitled "The Baby's Début."

"My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's day;
So, in Kate Wilson's shop,
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top."

Jack is in the pouts, and melts off the nose of the doll, in revenge for which his sister, Nancy Lake, draws out "his peg-top's tooth." The top hits the floor and breaks a window pane. The result is that Nancy Lake is forbidden the pleasure of attending the opening of Drury-lane theatre with her parents, whose departure she describes as follows:

"Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go; one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet."

The cleverness of it is apparent at once. Wordsworth's conception of childish utterance, to say the least, verges on the ridiculous, and the imitation,

"The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet,"

is simply *par excellence*.

Those familiar with the fantastic verses of Thomas Moore will at once observe the happy imitation entitled "The Living Lustres," partially quoted as follows :

"O why should our dull retrospective addresses
Fall damp as wet blankets on Drury-lane fire?
Away with blue devils, away with distresses,
And give the gay spirit to sparkling desire!

"Let artists decide on the beauties of Drury,
The richest to me is when woman is there;
The question of houses I leave to the jury;
The fairest to me is the house of the fair.

"But woman's soft smile all our senses bewilders,
And gilds, while it carves, her dear form on the heart,
What need has new Drury of carvers and gilders?
With nature so bounteous, why call upon art?"

Scott, like Homer, had a wonderful faculty of weaving names into his verses, so that there might be a swing and a rhythm to them. This is copied in a fine manner in the collection, as follows, being a few lines from the piece entitled "A Tale of Drury-land:"

"With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
Crump from St. Gile's Pound:
Whitford and Mitford joined the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.

* * * * *

"Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof,
Down, down, in thunder falls!"

The imitation of Lord Byron's *Childe Harold* is entitled "*Cui Bono*," and needs but a comparison with the original to show the skill of the inventive authors. A critic remarked that nothing in *Childe Harold* exceeds the sublimity of *ennui* and carelessness which the imitation presents :

CHILDE HAROLD.

" Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

CUI BONO.

" For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
And what is Rollo? Cupid steeped in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustin's cowl.
Shakespeare, how true thine adage, 'fair is foul!'
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is naught."

The measure and solemnity of Dr. Johnson's sentences, in their stiffness and limited variety of style, is admirably imitated in the opening lines of "*Johnson's Ghost*:"

" That which was organized by the moral ability of one has been executed by the physical efforts of many, and Drury-lane Theatre is now complete. Of that part behind the curtain, which has not yet been destined to glow beneath the brush of the varnisher, or vibrate to the hammer of the carpenter, little is thought by the public, and little need be said by the committee. Permanent stage doors we have none. That which is permanent cannot be removed, for, if

removed, it soon ceases to be permanent. What stationary absurdity can vie with the ligneous barricade, which, decorated with fragrant and tintinnabulant appendages, now serves as the entrance of the lowly cottage," etc.

Thus they continue—imitating many more authors, from the editor of the *Morning Post* whose columns one day remarked that it was "high time to give the hydra-head of faction a rap on the knuckles," to Robert Southey, Samuel Coleridge with his characteristic pathos and simplicity, and George Crabbe. The imitation of the author of *Kehama* being almost perfect:

"Midnight, yet not a nose
From Towerhill to Piccadilly snored!
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose!
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends to the wall of Drury!"

And of Crabbe's peculiar style and habit of punning in the lines where the author describes the regaining of Pat Jennings's hat (which had fallen into the pit) by a cable of handkerchiefs offered by his friends:

"George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—
Up soars the prize! The youth with joy unfeign'd,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained."

The collection comprises imitations of many minor writers which it would be interesting to follow had we but the space. Sufficient, however, has been given to enable us to appreciate the clever skill of these two men who, by an unexpected but fortunate stroke—a literary *coup d'état* executed with great humor, discrimination and good taste—made themselves a name in the literary world.

FATE OR COINCIDENCE?

A STORY.

ON THE outskirts of the village of Crayford, in Kent, is situated a large estate, called Hall Place. The house which gives the estate its name was built, they say, in the fourteenth century, and stands on the present high-road from London to Darkford, which runs through the very heart of the property.

How the Wiemanns came to own the place is more than I know, but it was in reply to a pressing invitation from Edgar Wieman, my old friend, that I found myself at the gates of Hall Place one fine morning last summer.

The outside of the mansion is not striking, modern improvements and renovations having taken away those outward signs of age which the visitor would expect to find; and as for the interior, we shall only trouble ourselves about one room, the dining-hall. This was an immense apartment, stretching from one side of the house to the other. Through the open windows I caught a glimpse of daisied meadows with leafy hedges, and here and there a thatch-roofed cottage nestling among the trees, and beyond sleepy-looking cows standing knee-deep in the brook that threaded its silvery way between the willows. The interior of this room needs some description, for it was furnished in a very curious and peculiar fashion.

The long oak table and the high-backed chairs, with massive carved arms and faded velvet seats, the oaken wainscot, the quaint arched windows, with the dark-stained floor, gave the whole room a sombre yet imposing appearance. The furniture for the most part was of oak, almost black with age. In one corner stood a suit of armor, the polished steel lighting up the gloom, while over the high old-fashioned mantel hung a trophy of arms—swords, helmets, battle-axes, shields, daggers, and I know not what.

The mantel shelf was laden with bronze vases from the East, Venetian drinking cups, massive silver goblets, exquisitely delicate china bowls and dishes—in short, it was a veritable curiosity shop on a shelf. Under my feet was a Persian rug, and in front of the large open fire-place there lay a huge tiger skin, telling its own story of Indian jungles, while the bristling ears and ivory fangs still seemed to hurl defiance at its slayer. One wall was hung with family portraits, none of which, however, interested me. Opposite the door covering a large space on the wall I saw a piece of tapestry, threadbare with age, and on going up to examine it more closely, was surprised to find that it hung out from the wall as if there were something behind which it was intended to hide.

Edgar saw my wondering glance, told me that the tapestry covered a mirror, and on my enquiring still farther, said that there was a story connected with it.

I begged him to tell it, and after considerable coaxing he began:

“Jack Kingsley was a school chum of mine, the dearest friend I ever had. We had known each other from earliest childhood, and at school we became inseparable.

“One summer I invited him down here to spend the vacation, for we always had company and the house was usually very lively. Jack came; and I remember what a jolly time we had—always something on hand.

“One day we were walking in the woods planning some new scheme, when, in a turn of the path, we came across an old gipsy woman sitting in the grass. Per usual, of course, she offered to tell us our fortunes if we gave her the needful palm-oil. Jack wanted to have his told right away, and so he gave her the necessary silver coin. The old woman slowly rose from the ground and, leaning on her stick, she first muttered some kind of gibberish, apparently to invoke an unseen power, and then told Jack to stretch out his hand. She gazed at it long and intently. I was

getting impatient; but by his face I could see that Jack was impressed. He evidently thought she was reading his fate in the life-line on his hand. At length the woman's lips moved. Her voice came almost in a whisper:

"Blood! blood! I see blood! Your fate will meet you early, and it will be at the hands of another! When yonder village clock strikes twelve to-night, look in the long mirror at Hall Place, and you shall see—yes, you shall see!"

"And she stopped. Not another word would she utter, and so we strolled on.

"A truly remarkable fortune, I said to myself—short but hardly sweet! I wanted to tell Jack that he had been sold, but he looked so melancholy and awe-struck that I restrained my mirth and only ventured to observe that he was a fool to let an old gipsy who was either drunk or in her dotage frighten him so. Then he said he wanted to go back and question the woman again; so back we turned, but arrived at the spot, we failed to find her—she was nowhere in sight, nor indeed did we ever see her again.

"Jack seemed to believe every word of the nonsense he had heard. I could not understand it. He was quiet and reserved all the rest of the evening, and do what I could it was impossible to get him to shake off the depression.

"Well, at length bedtime came. We shared the same room, on the second floor. I was tired out, and was no sooner between the sheets than asleep.

"I had a peculiar dream that night. It seemed to me that something was in the room, and that this something was standing by my bed. I don't know what it was, or what it looked like, but I felt its presence, and I thought I heard it say: 'Wake! Wake!' I started and awoke. It was dark, except for the struggling light of the moon between the half-drawn curtains.

"I turned over to go asleep again, angry at myself, when suddenly the afternoon's adventure came into my mind, and, without any particular reason, I sat up and glanced

over at Jack's bed. A moonbeam lit up that side of the room, and I saw that his bed was *empty*!

"Where could he be? I was wide awake now. Just then I heard the stairs creak, as if someone were stealing down. Surely Jack was not going to test the words of that wretched hag?

"Again I heard the stairs creak. I rubbed my eyes. It must be midnight, and Jack *was* going down to the Hall. Leaping from the bed, I went out on the landing. I saw a white figure half-way down the stairs. It was Jack. He must be mad, I thought, and I was going to speak, when somehow an indefinable curiosity to see the farce out came over me, so, resolving to follow him, I held my breath and started down the stairs.

"I remember noticing, as I passed the open window on the landing, how still it was outside. The western horizon was lost in inky blackness; there not a star was visible, but overhead the sky was as a mass of glittering diamonds. The air was close and oppressive. Not a sound could be heard. There was not even a breath to rustle the leaves in the tree-tops; there was that solemn stillness which usually heralds the approach of a storm.

"I felt as if I were looking out upon a world where silence reigned supreme.

"And how ghostly everything seemed inside—the old wood creaking and groaning at my every other step, the ticking of the clock at the foot of the stairs, the white figure leading the way down in front of me, the pale moonbeams through the tinted glass shedding a strange unearthly light in some places and making the shadows only deeper in others, the stuffed owls and the skeleton birds over the door in the hallway, the old plumed helmet and the steel corslet, the mounted antlers adorning the walls—everything looked unnatural. I shivered, and felt half inclined to turn back, but my curiosity made me keep on. At length I reached the bottom, with Jack only a little ahead. Evidently he had

not heard me coming down behind him. I was just going to speak, when out in the still night air I heard the village clock striking. Turning, I glanced at the old-fashioned timepiece which stood in the hallway near the foot of the stairs.

"Both hands pointed to twelve. It was midnight. Mechanically, almost, I counted the strokes of that village bell as I followed my silent guide. He stopped at the threshold of the dining-hall, turned the handle, and opened the heavy door.

"'Four, five, six,' I counted, as I entered the immense room, just behind Jack. Still he did not notice me. I began to suppose that he was walking in his sleep. Anyhow, I was getting positively frightened, and I wished I were safe back in bed.

"The room looked even more ghostly than the stairs. In that fairy moonlight the high-backed chairs looked like immovable sentinels, all round the room, watching me. I was sure the armor standing in the corner was inhabited; I thought I could see a pair of eyes glittering from between the visor bars, and I thought I saw the hand move.

"The tiger on the floor seemed to glare at me with those great eyes of his, and I half-expected a low growl to come from those savage jaws. The shadows at the further end took all kind of wierd shapes in my imagination; while the very pictures looked down at me and scowled.

"I was speechless with fright. My skin seemed to shrink, and a chill went through me. All this flashed over me in far less time than it takes to tell, and still I counted the slow strokes of that bell.

"'Ten, eleven, twelve.' As the last sound died away in the echoing distance, and that awful stillness began again, I started and seized Jack's hand, to drag him away; but instantly I lost all control of myself. I seemed to be glued to the spot, while my eyes slowly turned till I faced the mirror. Why I turned I do not know, only I saw Jack

looking that way, and I looked too. I was powerless, as bound by a spell. There in the mirror I saw reflected Jack and myself. His face was pale, his eyes wide open, his lips apart. Slowly raising his hand, he pointed direct at the mirror. I followed his finger, and—”

Edgar stopped. He paused long. Glancing sideways at him I saw his face was pallid and drawn. Great beads of perspiration were standing out on his brow. I myself had shuddered and turned cold, so strongly had his words worked on me.

At length he continued :

“There on the mirror was a dark patch, about the size of my hand. It looked like a cloud. Horror-struck, I gazed and gazed. A peculiar fascination riveted my eyes to the spot. I felt Jack’s hand tremble within my own. The patch grew darker and darker, until it was perfectly black; then little by little, it assumed a definite shape. I stared the harder. What was it? Great heavens! *a coffin!* And on it the initials *J. S. K.* Jack’s initials! Below were the figures 6, 13, 78. What did it mean. This, then, was the sight the old gipsy had promised. I was choking. I could not breathe. My brain reeled. Suddenly a terrible shriek resounded in my ear, and Jack fell to the ground like a log. That recalled me to my senses. I tried to raise him, but I could not. Then I heard the distant rumble of thunder, and at the same time there were sounds of running footsteps overhead, and—I knew no more.

“When I came to myself, it was broad daylight, and I was lying in my own bed. They told me how my father had heard the shriek, and had rushed down-stairs and found us lying motionless on the floor of the dining-hall.

“Jack was seriously ill—brain fever, brought on by a terrible fright, the doctor said. I was allowed to go in and see him, but he did not recognize me. In his delirium he kept muttering about mirrors and gipsies, ending always with a moan, ‘78! 78!’

"Well, to cut a long story short, he recovered, thanks to careful nursing, and, after taking a trip abroad, appeared to be quite himself again. I don't know whether he remembered our terrible adventure or not. He never spoke to me about it. They say that brain fever sometimes leaves a perfect blank in people's minds as regards what happened just before they were taken ill. I don't know if that is true or not, but Jack, however, never alluded to the mirror, and I never broached the subject, though still I could not understand the figures we saw on the glass. After awhile, I began to think that we both had been laboring under a delusion or something of that sort, and at length I ceased to think of it.

"Five years passed. On graduating from college Jack resolved to visit the continent again, and begged me to accompany him, 'to keep him out of hot water,' he said. I agreed, and we both made our preparations; but a day or so before we were to start I found that some unexpected business had to be attended to, and I was compelled to give up all ideas of going with Jack, for a few days at least. So he set off alone. About a week later I was carelessly glancing over the newspaper when my eye caught this paragraph:

"MONTE CARLO.—A tragedy occurred here to-day. A young stranger who had met with bad luck at the tables quarrelled with another player, and a duel was the result. It was arranged for pistols. The stranger's weapon missed fire, but his opponent's bullet found its mark, and the young man fell mortally wounded. His name is unknown, but his clothing is marked J. S. K. He is thought to be an Englishman.

"J. S. K.! Jack's initials again! It must be he—and dying without a friend. My mind was soon made up. Business or no business, I would leave for Monte Carlo at once. Perhaps I might arrive in time. I started. How long the journey seemed! What a miserable little steamer it was that took us across! How that train crawled, though

the time-table said it was an express! It seemed as if we would never get there.

"As I sat gazing out of the window, a ray of hope came into my mind. Perhaps it was not Jack! Perhaps it was some other unlucky fellow who happened to have the same initials. And I tried to persuade myself that I had been misled; but still there lurked in my mind a presentiment that I would find that I was not wrong, and my heart gave a leap when I remembered the words of that gipsy: 'Your fate shall be at the hands of another.' As I neared my journey's end my hope sank lower and lower, and when at length we reached our destination it had gone entirely.

"It was night. What a mockery to me were those gay streets and brilliantly lighted gambling hells? I had little trouble in finding Jack—for I was sure it was he. The affair had created a great sensation even in Monte Carlo, and every one knew the hotel where lay 'le jeune Anglais.'

"They took me up to the room; and there, lying on the bed, I saw my friend—but ah! how changed! Thank God! I was in time. Though unconscious, he was not dead. His face was white—white as I had seen it on that awful night years ago—the blood that oozed from the corners of his mouth was ghastly in its contrast with the marble paleness of his cheek. His pulse was hardly beating. The doctor said he could not live the night.

"I stood by his bedside and watched. Slowly the hours dragged on, and still he breathed. Once he opened his eyes, and looked at me and smiled faintly, but it was only a flash and was gone as quickly as it had come.

"Soon he opened his eyes again, this time with a fixed stare; he did not seem to recognize me. Suddenly starting up in bed, he stretched out his hand, and pointing to the calendar hanging on the wall opposite, with a voice harsh and dry, cried, or rather hissed:

"'Look! Look! Thirteen! Six! Seventy-eight! I see it now! That old—gipsy—woman—was—was—ha! ha!' and

he shrieked again in fiendish laughter, and then with a gasp fell back on his pillow. A gurgle in his throat, a convulsive shiver in his limbs and my friend was dead. I glanced at the calendar. It was June 18th, 1878.

"And just then, breaking in rudely upon the hushed stillness that reigned over us, came the strokes of the town clock proclaiming to the pleasure-seeking world around it the hour of midnight; and it brought back in a flood all the horrors of that night in Hall Place, and I wondered whether it were fate or only coincidence.

"That's the story of the mirror, and now you know why I cover it up, and I am sure you don't blame me for hating the sight of it."

THE HYPERION OF JOHN KEATS.

IF POETIC THOUGHT, the rhyme and rhythm of ideas, rather than strict attention to the rhyme and rhythm of words, constitutes a true poet, surely John Keats deserves an exalted niche in the Westminster Abbey of poesy. In each of his poems we find evidence of the richness of his poetic genius, and in some instances a single line would furnish enough pure gold to gild the entire structure of many an inferior production. There is an air of spontaneity especially about his longer poems, which indicates that they flow from his soul as naturally and unrestrainedly as a rivulet from the clear and crystal spring which gives it birth. It seems, in fact, to have been impossible for Keats to restrain his poetic talent, he had "wed himself to things of light from infancy," and we are told was ever writing short snatches of verse on scraps of paper as a thought suggested itself to him.

It was unfortunate for his popularity that Keats selected the ancient mythology rather than modern fancies as the

gallery through which his muse should roam to receive inspiration, but this subject offered him the freedom of range which the wonderful versatility of his fancy craved. Here he could indulge in luxuriant inventions and here he found models from which to draw pictures of passion, bliss and beauty. On this enchanted ground he need not conform to the actual, but his thoughts could be "free of wing as Eden's garden bird," and his muse could strive to set forth the conversations of the ancient deities in human accents.

"Oh how frail
To that large utterance of the early gods."

It was his delight to picture

"Phœbus in the morning,
Or flush'd Aurora in the roseate dawning,
Or glist'ning Naiads in a rippling stream,
Or raptur'd Seraphs in a moonlight beam."

In these attempts the young poet paid but little attention to the artificial rules of versification; the lines often run into each other with scarcely any view to the music of the cadence; the rhymes often seem forced, and fancy rather than form, sentiment rather than art, predominate. His tendency was to sacrifice beauty to intensity and to merge the abiding grace of his song in the passionate fantasy of the moment.

Concerning "Endymion" and that most faultless and rare gem, "The Eve of St. Agnes," as well as his "Odes," little can be said beyond the praise and general criticism which they have already received. The fragment "Hyperion" has, however, received but little attention, though of those poems in which the "Ancient Mythology" is his theme, it is the most sublime and perfect. Here the most glaring faults of the "Endymion" are no longer seen, and, as Byron says, it "seems inspired by the Titans and is as sublime as *Æschylus*." In recounting this fable of the Ancients,

Keats did not lose sight of the characteristics with which the various duties were indued, but ever places foremost the elements and powers which the gods were supposed to represent, and frequently alludes to the various myths connected with their birth and history.

One of the most forcible and vivid scenes in the poem is the one in which Saturn is described in his despised and dejected condition after his overthrow by the "Infant Jove." The words seem to breathe a shady sadness and solemn silence over the place. It is a passage which Shelley affirms to rival the description of Satan and his fallen angels in Milton's "Paradise Lost." All nature is breathless in suspense, as if on the eve of witnessing some great catastrophe.

"No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold fingers closer to her lips."

The great depth of Keats' nature and his ability to enter into the feelings of the creatures of his own imagination is clearly to be seen in this poem. One can readily believe that he had himself experienced the weariness of waiting and loss of hope expressed in the words of Thea addressed to Saturn as she endeavors to comfort him in his downfallen condition:

"O aching time! O moments big with years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe."

The sadness depicted in these words and, in fact, in all the conversations of these deities, is of a depth worthy of their superhuman natures, and suggest the fact that Keats

had himself experienced not a little sorrow in the course of his short life. Saturn's passion is of an intensity of which a god might well be deemed capable. He rushes from the depths of despair to the height of hope, and the feeling of conscious power over the elements returns as, springing to his feet, the once mighty monarch exclaims:

"But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe
To overbear and crumble this to naught?
Where is another chaos? Where?"

The chief beauty of the poem consists, however, in the descriptions of nature and in the high appreciation of the beauties which are everywhere revealed to the eye of the thoughtful observer. The sun, its nature and functions, form a large part of the poet's theme, and Hyperion, the sun-god, is mentioned as the only one of the brothers who retained his sovereignty amid the general overthrow of the Titans. How beautiful is the picture set forth by the lines in which we are told that

"His palace bright,
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries,
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush'd angrily."

Again, the sun is described as the steed governed by Hyperion's mighty hand, the idea of a steed and of a heavenly body being combined in the lines—

"The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtainings of clouds."

Keats' great versatility of talent is especially shown in his various descriptions of the sunset and sunrise. Nature

seems ever to have been uppermost in his thoughts, and we find in each of his poems passages of great originality and beauty where he describes some freak or phenomenon of the heavens in vivid colors. We have in one of his poems the sunset most beautifully described as

"Vesper
Summoning all the downiest clouds together
For the sun's purple couch."

In *Hyperion* the picture is that of the sun-god entering upon the threshold of the

"Sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair days,
For rest divine upon exalted couch,
And slumber in the arms of melody."

Then follows a most exquisite passage, in which the poet likens the opening of the western portals to receive the god to a fragrant and vernal tinted rose, which

"Stood full-blown, for the God to enter in.
He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes streamed out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek, ethereal Hours
And made their door-wings tremble."

In the second book, the account of the conference between the fallen Titans and their former ruler, in that "nest of woe," to which they had been consigned by the usurper Jove, abounds in passages of great strength and beauty. Here in particular must the reader be well acquainted with Ancient Mythology to appreciate fully the beauty of the poem. The various deities are mentioned by name; their positions, habits and conversations described, and all with direct reference to the rôle which they played in the minds of the ancient Greeks. Mnemosyne was still in the world, for memory cannot be chained or trodden under foot at the

will of tyrants. In the midst of all the fallen deities lay Themis, overthrown that might, not right, might prevail. Here is shown in its fullest extent the poet's power of depicting the passions of the gods, their grief, despair or hope. Saturn is at war with all the frailty of grief, of rage, and fear, but most of all with despair. In vain he struggles however, for

"Fate
Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
A disanointing passion."

In almost every word which the god utters, the majesty of his despair is shown, especially where he says that not within his own sad breast, nor in the heavens, that ancient scroll of prophecy, can he find reason why they should be thus.

"Yet ye are here,
O'erwhelm'd, and spurned and battered, ye are here!
O Titans, shall I say, 'Arise!' Ye groan.
Shall I say, 'Crouch!' Ye groan. What can I then?"

Keats does not often appear in his poems in the character of a philosopher, but in the speech of Oceanus he expresses his belief in the "survival of the fittest," and in the theory that close upon the heels of each dispensation a fresh perfection treads, more complete in form and beauty and born of the old. He shows that in the case of Saturn, as he was not the first of powers, so he shall not be the last, for from Chaos and darkness came light and life, then Heaven and Earth, the parents of the Titans; and as Heaven and Earth are fairer far than Chaos and blank darkness, so are Jove and his host more fit to rule than Saturn and his brother Titans.

"For 'tis eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now."

One cannot but experience regret that this poem, which so abounds in beauty of description and figure, should end

so abruptly. In the beginning of the third book we find it suddenly breaking off, just as the poet is seemingly about to describe some adventure of the young Apollo and is recounting a conversation between that god and Mnemosyne, from whom he received his lyre—

“ Whose strings touch'd by his fingers, all the vast
Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder.”

Keats was, however, so disheartened by the adverse criticism which his poems called forth that he had not the ambition to complete the work. Throughout, his imagination is paramount and supreme, and in many places he pours out the images and incidents of his creation without measure or restraint, and with no apparent design but to unburden his breast and give vent to the overflowing vein of his fancy. The thin and scanty tissue of his story is merely the light framework on which his floral wreaths are suspended, the poem is flushed all over with the rich lights of his fancy and so colored and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry that, even while dazzled and perplexed in the great luxuriance of their display, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present.

But the effect of Keats' poetry is not simply transitory, for he has largely influenced, especially in form of expression, the poets who have succeeded him, although not to such an extent as some of the more fully developed bards of our English tongue. His genius was a flower of uncommon richness, and, although he modestly laments that it had “no depth to strike in,” its bloom is unfading, its perfume perpetual and it will never cease to charm, for

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A quiet bower for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.”

A LOVE DITTY.

LOVE is pleasure mixed with sadness,
Often is the story told,
Told with pain or told with gladness,
As the heart is warm or cold.

Many mortals oft have pleaded,
Oft successful, oft in vain,
Never thought nor ever heeded
If 'twould end in joy or pain.

If the loved one shows her pleasure
With sweet speech and fond delight,
With what joy we take the treasure
And the loving hearts unite.

If with scorn she treats her lover,
Coldly smiling in disdain,
Life is shallow, we discover,
Fill'd with anguish, fraught with pain.

Such the story from creation,
Such the story to the end,
Be it told of tribe or nation,
Be it told by foe or friend.

MYTHS OF THE DAWN.

IT WAS truly said by one of the ancient Greek philosophers, that man is a religious being. Wherever man is found, in the wildest tribe of savages or in the most cultured nation of Europe, there is implanted in his breast the feeling that there is a divine power above him; something greater and more powerful than he; something he must fear, reverence and worship. By the aid of revelation he may find a light so bright that it will dispell the mists from before his eye of faith, and enable him to see, as clearly as a human creature may, into the mysteries of Providence and the truths of

the divine nature. But without revelation, we find that in every case man has gone to work to construct a religion for himself.

The primitive man was unable to conceive of anything which did not appeal to his material senses, so that he naturally sought for his divinities in the world around him; and what seemed to him, from their vastness and incomprehensibility, to approach nearest to his conception of gods, were the forces of nature. Thus we find that almost without exception the nations of the ancient world were worshipers of Nature.

It is also a curious fact that often the untutored minds of savages are filled with the true spirit of poetry, and the more uneducated the mind, the greater the influence of a poetical imagination upon it.

Looking up at the bright course of the sun with all its attendant phenomena, the early man could not understand that all this was merely the inanimate creation of God's master-hand, but believed that each phenomenon had a life and personality of its own. More than that, he thought of them as beings like himself, with the same passions and desires, the same hopes and fears, and he naturally gave free play to his poetic imagination to describe the life in the other world.

Picture some ancient poet, standing on a lofty mountain-top, gazing on the bright tints which the rosy-fingered Aurora, the daughter of the Dawn, had painted in the eastern sky. As they fade out in the brighter light of the rising sun, suppose him to say to a comrade, "See! the Dawn flees before the Sun," and you have the germ of the myth of Phœbus and Daphne, the personifications of the Sun and the Dawn. Some such exclamation as this, simple and natural enough in itself, handed down through successive generations, embroidered and embellished by those to whose ears it may have come, lost the simple meaning which it at first possessed, and acquired in time a more poetic

form. Like a snow-ball rolling in a field of snow, this saying in a field of fancy grew gradually into a romance. Daphne became known as a beautiful maiden, who, fleeing from Phœbus, an ardent lover, escaped his undesired caresses by being changed into a laurel tree. The word signifying laurel was very similar to that denoting dawn.

Of all the wonders of nature, the dawn seems to have affected most deeply the minds of the early Aryans. In Max Müller's "Lectures on Language" we find these words: "I look upon the sunrise and sunset, on the daily return of day and night, on the battle between light and darkness, on the whole solar drama, in all its details, that is acted every day, every month, every year, in heaven and in earth, as the principal subject of ancient mythology. I consider that the very idea of divine powers sprang from the wonderment with which the forefathers of the Aryan family stared at the bright powers that came and went, no one knew whence or whither, that never failed, never faded, never died, and were called immortal, *i. e.* unfading, as compared with the feeble and decaying race of man."

Naturally, the "dawn, with all the bright visions that follow in her train," occupied a more prominent place in the minds of her ancient worshipers than her more gloomy sister, the gloaming. The dawn suggested to them, as to us, all that was bright and happy, while the twilight brought thoughts of sorrow, darkness and death. The dawn, which to us is but a beautiful sight, was to the early observer the wonder of wonders. He saw in the east a new life spring up every day, rousing the slumbering earth to renewed activity, and it suggested to him the riddle of his own existence. Before his wondering eyes each day "the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grew into the great sun," putting to flight the powers of darkness, and opening up to man's astonished view the panorama of earth's scenery, which before was swallowed up in night. It represented to him the power of heaven. Thus the whole

theogony and philosophy of the ancients centered in the dawn. The more they thought of its phenomena the more they multiplied the myths relating to it.

There is one feature of the sunrise, and certainly not the least poetic, which seems to have appealed to the imagination of the early bards of India alone. They saw the bright, fleecy dawn-clouds appear in the morning out of the darkness of the night and spread across the sky. They watched them move along in groups and give needed moisture to the thirsty earth. They called them the cows of Indra, the god of the sun, the power of light. Thus sprung up the myth of Saramâ, the Vedic goddess of the dawn. No doubt it originated in some expressions which were merely poetical statements of phenomena which we see before us every sunny day.

Saramâ is fabled as the messenger of Indra, who is sent to search for the cows which the Panis had stolen. She hears them lowing, and sees them in a cleft in a rock where they had been hidden. Going to the Panis, she demands that the cattle be given up, but they refuse, and try to win her over to their number, begging her to desert Indra and make her home with them. Finally Saramâ, finding her words of no avail, calls upon Indra, the mighty warrior, who, with his shining and piercing darts, puts to flight the Panis, breaks down their barriers, and frees his kine to wander at large in the pastures of the heavens.

The Panis represent the powers of darkness, which, having robbed the sky of its bright clouds, are pursued by the dawn and finally compelled by the big rays of the sun to yield their prey.

In most of the myths of the dawn, however, there is one thought prominent, the influence of which is felt even to-day. The dawn appeared each morning bright and fair, but when the sun rose up from behind the eastern hills she passed away. Again in the evening this beautiful creature re-appeared, but when the sun, who had sought her all through

the long and toilsome day, came to reclaim the object of his heart's desire, she vanished from his sight a second time, and he was left alone to die, sinking beneath the waves of the ocean. So the idea became fixed in the minds of those ancient people that the sun and the dawn were lovers destined to meet only to be immediately separated.

The thought appears in many forms among all the Aryan nations. We see it in the story of Eros and Psyche. Eros, when sent by his mother, Aphrodite, to smite Psyche with madness, falls in love with her beauty, but, not daring to meet her openly, takes her to a cave, and visits her only at night. Her sisters, urged on by Aphrodite, tell her she is wedded to a horrible monster. The maiden, inflamed with curiosity, endeavors to discover the appearance of her husband. As soon, however, as the light falls upon him, and she sees his face, he vanishes from her sight. She seeks him throughout the world, submitting to the most degrading punishment and performing the most difficult labors, under which she would have died but for the unseen aid of Eros. Finally, Aphrodite takes pity on her and gives her immortality, so that at last she is re-united to her long-lost love.

We find the same idea, more elaborately wrought out, in the myth of Cephalos and Procris. Cephalos is the personification of dawn or the rising sun, and Procris the dew. The weapons, which Artemis gives her, are the bright rays which flash from each dew-drop, and which, when given up to Cephalos in return for the renewal of his love, are the cause of her death. Procris dies in a thicket, where the dew rests longest, sheltered from the parching heat of the sun as it rises higher and higher in the heavens.

We notice the same thought in the stories of Ulysses and Penelope, and of Dido, Sychalus, and Æneas. We see it in modern days, in the tales of "Beauty and the Beast," the "Soaring Lark," and all those imaginative stories, English and German, which modern research has shown to be

almost identical with the apologue of Appuleius. One can scarcely take up a book of children's fairy-tales without finding these myths of the dawn in some form or other, disguised it may be, but still with this main idea prominent. In all cases, the youngest and most beautiful of three sisters is wedded to some one whom all suppose to be a hideous monster, but who is in reality a young and handsome prince. The maiden, urged on by her sisters, and impelled by her curiosity, endeavors to obtain a sight of the husband, but at the moment of discovery he vanishes from her sight. She seeks him in many lands, and finds him only after enduring unspeakable sorrow and suffering. According to some they live happily ever after, and according to others at the moment of reunion they are again separated by death.

Thus the dawn, the masterpiece of nature's skill, has been the theme of many bards among all Aryan nations, and by these myths we perceive how nearly alike in thought and feeling are all the branches of that great family.

VOICES.

OUR SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

IF A stranger were to stroll along our classic walks in Princeton, he would notice something in the expression of the students which would at once excite an interest in him to fathom the mysteries beneath that countenance. What is this character which is so peculiarly American, and which even our features betray?

We do not open our mouth but to speak of some recent discovery, of an advance in the literary, scientific or political world of our country. There is nothing left unsaid on these occasions which can be said. We think about it; we dream about it; our papers are full of it. Furthermore, in a lull of progress, when seemingly nothing stirs the ordinary routine of life, instead of acquainting ourselves with questions which are agitating foreign nations, we actually go to invent something within our own sphere, and give ourselves up to the luxury of some illusory grief or joy, as the case may be.

Now all this is very well, and carries with it considerable of that which makes up our individuality. There certainly is no nation on the face of the earth which has the spirit of independence so deeply imbued within its veins as we have. We cannot help talking constantly of that which makes up our nationality. And in this our ecstasy over our young republic, we are almost entirely oblivious of the interests of foreign nations.

We do not call this conceit. And rightly, for it is nothing else than a pleasing presumption—a perception of our peculiarities which bestows upon it an individual flavor. It is, in a word, an appreciation of our country's merits.

And herein we must be careful lest this "presumption" be tinged with an illusion, and this "appreciation" lead us to an exaggerated self-esteem. The question is, then, how far should we look into the proceedings of other nations? We certainly cannot forever keep ourselves isolated from foreign powers. Natural barriers will soon yield to the force of circumstances. And when our country becomes complicated with some of the serious problems which to-day threaten to create havoc in Europe, great will be our consternation to find ourselves in a predicament which, notwithstanding all our language of self-sufficiency, it will be hard for us to get out of.

To acquaint ourselves with the politics, for instance, of foreign countries, would be to stem the evil in case of such an emergency. It becomes us, therefore, to be of a more yielding disposition, and introduce in our literary halls debates on European politics, such as are of vital importance.

We certainly should not ignore the lessons that have, through the ages, been accumulated in the experience of men. If we continue to trust in our self-sufficiency, ruin and disaster are sure to follow in the rear of progress. How can we build up a nationality independent of the causes and effects which have actuated other nations. History is a flowing channel, and to force ourselves out from it would be to stop the passage of blood within our very veins.

Let us magnify our country to the best of our ability, but let us, at the same time, gaze beyond our actual horizon and examine the serious questions of foreign nations. We will thus gain from their experience and build up our national character on a firm basis, *never* to be shaken.

M.

POPULAR LECTURES.

NOW that the foot-ball season has closed, and with it all out-door sports for the winter, we naturally find ourselves speculating upon the most entertaining and profitable means of varying the monotony and dullness of the winter months. We have already upon the programme the Senior and Junior dances, one or two concerts by the Glee and Banjo Clubs, the Dramatic Association and formerly the Minstrel Association, all which go to fill part of the bill for pure entertainment, while on the other hand we have the library meetings and lecture courses which the college authorities provide. There has also been suggested more of such entertainment as was afforded by the Boston Banjo Club. But there is one thing lacking, and that is the popular lecturer or orator. For these reasons; in the first place, they are very entertaining. In this point they differ radically from the usual lectures by our professors and others. While these efforts are fully appreciated, there is a lack of entertainment which will prove restful and exhilarating to the hard-worked mind. Such lectures are for the most part didactic, and, though invaluable in themselves, require close application and a strain upon the mental faculties. It will be seen at once that these do not afford the relaxation so necessary to the student. Though they do break the monotony of the curriculum, they are yet designed to make our education still more liberal. On the other hand, to hear from time to time a lecture from the mouth of a popular orator would prove a rare treat, and also serve as a variation to the winter's programme.

Again, there will be a distinct advantage gained in showing us examples of the highest type of oratory in the United States. In listening continually to our professors and others, and in our intercourse with one another in the Halls, we unconsciously acquire one style of delivery. But when men come before us who have made oratory a special study, and

who have appeared before so many cultured audiences, a correct idea of the principles of true oratory will be obtained, which will arouse the same spirit among the students and stimulate them to develop that most glorious and useful art.

Finally, popular lectures would not only bring entertainment and stimulate oratory, but will prove advantageous in affording an acquaintance with the most popular speakers of the day, who are being constantly talked about and lauded by the press. They are becoming such an important factor in modern times that an education is not complete without some acquaintance with them personally through our own ears. We must know more about these men who exert such an influence in modern society. For these reasons the popular orator ought to have a place upon the programme of this winter's entertainment. Let it be seriously considered by the proper authorities.

PERIODICALS IN PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.

THERE was recently made an urgent appeal to place our college periodicals in the New England schools. This question should not be allowed to rest here, nor should such an influence be confined to so small a radius. If the interests of our college are to be advanced, if her claims as an educational centre are to be brought clearly before those preparing for college, there ought to be some more systematic effort made among the undergraduates. Their enthusiasm as a body is unbounded and their staunch loyalty to the college cannot be questioned, still we seem to forget the claim it has upon us individually. We can congratulate ourselves on the formation of the Philadelphia Club, because it is a step in the right direction. That club has plans under consideration which, if adopted and rightly carried out, will materially advance our interests in that

city. They are consulting the wishes of the Philadelphia alumni, and are trying to get that association to unite with them in placing our periodicals in the city schools and in all the schools within a radius of twenty miles. At the same time they are not overlooking the importance of personal work. They realize the value of giving their old school-mates a personal invitation to unite with them, and of thus showing them the present and growing advantages offered by Princeton.

We owe such a work to the college. We are too apt to think that athletic victories alone will give us our desired increase in attendance. All honor to our athletes for what they have done, and are now doing for us. But there is a work for each one of us. Why should not our New York students form themselves into a club and follow the example of the Philadelphia men? Why should not the Harrisburg men, for instance, unite in systematic effort to reach their section? Groups like these would find it an easy matter to place our periodicals on file in the various preparatory schools.

In consulting with a few of our alumni it was found that they not only approved of the plan, but also were willing to contribute their share towards its accomplishment. The raising of the money will prove a small item, if we will only exert ourselves a little. This action is not merely desirable, it is absolutely necessary. In a certain Philadelphia school the *Yale News* occupies a very important place. The paper is contributed by an enthusiastic alumnus, and Yale is now reaping the benefit of his thoughtfulness. For the first time in the history of the school, some of its students are now enrolled at Yale. We do not say that the influence of that paper alone decided them, but we do say that effectually helped to turn their attention towards Yale. Such a policy we should adopt, keeping constantly before their minds the signal advances of Princeton.

S.

A COLLEGE AUDITORIUM.

THE College has been wonderfully successful in the last decade in the matter of getting new buildings. But still the demand seems to be greater than the supply. The growth of the College within the last decade has been marvelous, and it is still growing at a much greater rate than before. The very atmosphere is pregnant with the spirit of progression and expansion. Princeton's spirit, in striving to meet all demands, has caused within the short space of two years the appearance of five new buildings, and with each increase new need is felt for more. Dormitories are wanted. Recitation halls are wanted. New gymnasium is wanted. But with all these, perhaps one of the greatest needs felt by growing Princeton is a large auditorium in which to hold all of its large meetings. Every Commencement the need for better accommodations is more keenly felt. With the exception of Marquand Chapel there is not a room on the campus to hold the whole body of students, and that one is not available by law. Every College organization is compelled to go outside for a hall, and even then get cramped accommodations. The time is long past when a college the size and standing of Princeton should hold her Commencement exercises in a church, and a small one at that, which virtually does not belong to it. Its incapacity is manifest every year by the crowded house, and every year Princeton's circle of friends is widening. It certainly is not consistent that an institution with the reputation of Princeton University, with its wealth of other buildings, should not possess its own auditorium. The impression of visitors at Commencement season is certainly not so favorable. Her sons could then point with pride to her completed quota of buildings, within whose walls they have been so laboriously acquiring their stock of knowledge, by the one in which they meet to give final evidence of what they have attained in the others. And then it would make men feel much bet-

ter to graduate from their own buildings on the dear old campus.

No very costly structure is necessary. No special building, built of brown stone, although such would be desirable, but a commodious room or floor in one of the new dormitories. Or, what would be still better, as more recitation halls are needed, to erect a large building, one floor of which to serve as an auditorium, another as recitation rooms, and still another to be apportioned into a trophy room, club rooms, class reunion rooms, editorial rooms for the several college publications, etc. The desirability of such a building is certainly obvious, and one in the construction of which the several classes would have the glorious opportunity to manifest their appreciation for *alma mater* by each taking sole charge of the fitting up of one room, and vie with one another in its finish. It is to be hoped that at no distant day some such building shall grace our campus.

EDITORIALS.

THE prize for the best story, announced in our last number, has been awarded, after a close contest, to Mr. G. P. Wheeler, of the Junior class. Our thanks are due to Prof. Winans and Prof. Fine for their kindness in serving as judges.

IN CONNECTION with the above announcement, there comes to us a word which it might be well to say to some of our contributors, in order to help them to have a clearer idea of what their stories should be. The criticism of the judges, suggested by considerable experience—and our own slight experience confirms their judgment—is that the tendency among college story-writers is to develop plots that are strangely improbable. Now, it may be true enough in another sphere that we are led to believe a thing because it is impossible; but when a person is describing the life, the habits or the nature of men and women, he is not explaining some unknown and mysterious fact, but is treating of a subject with which everybody is naturally well acquainted from childhood, so that this tendency should be guarded against. Then there is another feature which ought to be more carefully attended to, that is, the descriptions. What a man puts into a story is usually composed of patches from his own experience—something that he has himself seen—and being such, he should be able, by a little effort, to embody in his story some pleasant and entertaining descriptions. The life of the story may be made up by the dialogue, and dialogue may cover a large part of the plot; but along the way a well-developed description serves to break up the monotony of the style and adds wonderfully to the general quality of the story.

WE WERE glad to see the recent innovation started by the Senior Class of having Dr. Patton's first sermon of this year printed. It is our great privilege to have for a president a man who, among his many other remarkable gifts, possesses the highest talents as a preacher. Recognized everywhere as a keen thinker, a sound theologian, and an eloquent preacher, we ought not to neglect to preserve those of his practical Christian talks which, from their beauty and force, have branded themselves upon our memory for years to come. The Senior Class might do well to have a number of others treated in a similar way.

THE attention of contributors is called to the poetry prize to be awarded in April. Thus far only one man has succeeded in having over one poem published. Last year the prize was not awarded through the failure of men to contribute, there being but one who had three poems, according to the terms of the gift. This year we hope we shall not see the same repeated. Men can judge of the character of poems wanted by looking over back numbers of the *LIT.* These prizes are offered to stimulate contributions and it is hoped that we shall receive more and more capable ones in the department of poetry.

HASTY CRITICISM.

IF THERE is one thing which characterizes college men the world over, it is their readiness to tell what they do not like. They can make an estimate of a person, of an action, of a policy, in terms of their personal satisfaction, quicker, perhaps, than any other class of men. And they are not backward in doing it. Without respect for persons,

almost regardless of things universally recognized as sacred, they give their mind free scope, so that after a year or two of unrestrained and perhaps unconscious practice, even the slowest freshman can deliver himself with an amazing alacrity.

Independence of thought is one of the great privileges of an enlightened civil liberty, and it should be one of the blessings of an educated age. Well did our forefathers rejoice in their intellectual emancipation. Released from their old bonds, they could cheerfully romp and gambol about in the world of intellectual things. In the glory of their newly acquired right, they could submit all things to the test. Their mind, with justice, entered every field and sought its lesson, challenged every mystery and demanded its secret. And that right has been handed down. Each successive age has inherited the right of investigating and pronouncing judgment. With a history somewhat akin to this—a picture in miniature of the centuries that have gone—does the student start upon the college career. Cut loose from the time when every opinion was adopted in childlike imitation, beyond the restraints of family that have hampered and curbed the independence of his views, he is suddenly projected into a free college life. He now sets his opinions for himself. He throws full rein to his intellect. He can almost feel the leap that he has involuntarily taken. He hears an opinion, he sees an action, he meets a man, and, ten chances to one, he rushes into a prejudice, finds an unjust criticism, and commits an almost willful injustice. Aye, unless he be a man who has himself well in hand, who can control his disposition, he will be launched in a thoughtless expression of his likes and his dislikes before he is aware of his position.

Now, we would not for a moment hedge any man's right to a free inquiry; that is open to all. But we would bespeak some consideration as to the expediency of allowing it to run into the extreme, which the observation of anyone

will show to be the natural tendency of college men. The fact is indisputable—students are quick to judge, especially quick to see a fault. This aptitude for hitting upon the flaws is traditional. It makes the preacher quake as he ascends the pulpit; it makes the new professor nervous in the class-room; it at times makes even their fellow-classmen tremble as though they were walking a tight-rope, and so thwarts many a worthy deed. But, however clear the right, however stubborn and willful a man may be in pursuing it, the habit unrestrained will lead to intellectual suicide. The man who lays himself open to hasty opinions, to the guidance of his prejudice and quick dislikes, is cultivating a weed which will spring up and crowd out the intellectual growth of a good part of his college course. It will make him a careless judge, a poor adviser when sound counsel is desired, a hot headed, rash guesser when cool, close calculation is necessary. It will leave him a dwarfed nature, a one-sided man, a man who can see but the one side, and that a side which, though his own choice, is yet not his choice because forced upon him by a crippled judgment. If there is one thing which a college man ought to possess, it is a cool, clear judgment, capable of being impartial, able, as it were, to walk all around a subject and then sit down and figure out a sound opinion. But if there is one thing which will prevent this, one thing which will rise athwart its path like an impassable barrier, it is this spirit of hasty criticism. No college man ought to foster it; above all things, he ought not to cherish it and boast of it. Rather, he ought to fight it, to down it, and if he cannot do that, he should turn about and flee from it.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE editorial ears, when in the library a few days ago, chanced to overhear a few remarks expressed in a conversation between the librarian and one of our professors. The librarian remarked that there was a sudden increase in the amount of reading done by the students; that there had been more books taken out during the latter part of the preceding week than for several other weeks put together, and that more men were found in the library. The professor replied that he had noticed the unusual spirit for reading in the college, and that there were several reading circles being formed of which he highly approved.

Being curious to know the character of the books taken from time to time from the library, we found by referring to the librarian's last report, which was kindly loaned us, that among a thousand books borrowed, fiction formed the highest percentage. This was not surprising, but we were glad to learn that other classes of books on more serious and important subjects did not fall low in the scale. The rate at which these were borrowed is as follows: Fiction, 25 per cent.; Essays and Criticisms on literary topics, 20 per cent.; History, of all kinds, 17 per cent.; Political and Social Science, 15 per cent.; Poetry and Dramatic works, 14 per cent.; Philosophy, 5 per cent. Such figures mean something.

Such a showing speaks well for the borrowers and argues that our library is becoming more and more a literary working laboratory. When the library is well used and books of the nature of those quoted above are borrowed at the above rates, it indicates a literary and intellectual health in the college which is very gratifying.

It is decidedly wholesome. Although some of the books were merely consulted for essays and debates, still they accomplished a good end and benefited the readers. The more a man visits the library with the purpose of earnest

reading or study the more he will develop, and the more will he correctly employ the good opportunities which lie open to him while in college. No man, no matter what he is to engage in in after-life, should slight the privilege presented by our library. There seems to be an erroneous idea prevalent that books are for the pollers or those who are to study for degrees. One of the best aids to general culture is the generous use of the library and the proper employment of time in reading.

The reply of the professor led us to make inquiries concerning the reading clubs. We found that clubs had been started among the students for the purpose of honest, sober reading, and that reading to compass the best of English literature, from Chaucer down. The intention of these men is to follow the course of the Dean's Junior year English. They propose reading a small amount of *Canterbury Tales*, a portion of *Spenser's Fairie Queen*, and so on through the list of English writers, taking up the books which the Dean recommends. During the winter term they will intersperse a play of Shakespeare throughout their regular readings.

Each evening there will be a paper or essay read. On beginning with an author the paper will treat of the interesting part of his life, with especial reference to the circumstances under which the writings were produced. Later a more critical paper will be given. Such action on the part of those thus engaged merits hearty commendation, and we praise them particularly for the fact that it is anticipatory of the Dean's course, as we learn the clubs are formed in the class of '92.

The benefits of such a course cannot all be estimated. It is especially advantageous in developing the minds and thoughts of men. It will make broad men of them. Besides the culture and the deepening and broadening of their minds they will be possessed of a general knowledge of English literature, the value of which will become more

and more apparent to them each successive year of their lives. It is advisable not only for the rest of the men in '92 but also those in other classes to form such clubs. Let the circles be small but let there be a large number of them. Their interesting, not to say their instructive character, will be appreciated by experience.

THE YOUNG WRITER'S USE OF THE LIBRARY.

IF MEN are expecting to write, and this applies to every man while he is in college, a proper knowledge of how to use a library is of special value. Many men write from "natural vigor, native simplicity, unaffected eloquence or deep experience of human life;" they have perhaps great creative genius. Such men were Lincoln in that superb and unparalleled classic, the address at Gettysburg, and Wordsworth in "Ode to Duty." In such cases a library is not necessary or of especial service. But all do not do either of the above, in fact few have the opportunity. Men in college must rely on research and frequent visitations to the library, and a proper skill in the use of books cannot fail to be of value. They should know the relative importance of the index, the worth of the foot-notes and how much to read of the body of the work. For it is not by reading every book through from cover to cover that we may get the most from it, but it is the skill in culling all that is valuable for the present purpose from the whole book. The art of comprehending quickly what an author is writing about should be cultivated. In the different professions men are to carry conviction to the minds and hearts of their fellow-men. To do this they must base their knowledge on exhaustive familiarity with the subject. In the rush and whirl of active life a man to be up with the times must be able to get his knowledge quickly. If he has

formed a habit of using books intelligently he will have a pronounced advantage. Men who are to be lawyers and men who are to be doctors, or even merchants, should never begrudge the time spent in collecting facts for an essay or debate. If they have allowed themselves to be benefited by such training, they will look back upon it as one of the most excellent courses in the curriculum. If the power of rapid discrimination, quick insight and thorough comprehension when seeking material for essay, oration or debate, be cultivated, the man will have furnished himself with an outfit which is inestimable.

The lawyer needs it when making up his case. The medical student needs it in his preparation, the physician in his advanced studies. There is no doubt that if the value of such a training were rightly understood men would make the use of the library for their required essays or debates yield them a harvest of benefit which they never dreamed could be theirs. So whether in reading circles or in private research we do well to practice the art of finding the essence of what we are reading, and that quickly. And then we cannot possibly fail of valuing the use of the library at its true worth.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying!"

—*Henry IV.*

"For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have."

—*Henry IV.*

"Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

—*Merchant of Venice.*

"'Tis easy as lying."

—*Hamlet.*

"Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas."

—*W. R. Spencer.*

"The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

—*In Memoriam.*

THE strange and unprecedented history which foot-ball is making this year seems to be the only topic of conversation among college men. Conjectures, opinions and in fact all the side lights imaginary are given with a lavish hand. The words of indignation, the feelings of disappointment and regret, the expressions of scorn, the eager questioning, with the shouts of triumph and the joyful congratulations, would make a strange medley could they all be collected and preserved. We have been college politicians with an unwonted energy. All sides are discussed with vehemence at the clubs and on the campus, and so many conflicting reports and opinions have been prevalent that all the abilities of the statesmen and the politician have been brought into play in our college world to enable us to cope with this momentous question. Every man would see college athletics put in an honorable light, and we justly feel indignant at untrue charges made against us. We will wait the outcome of this unusual agitation, however, and we confidently expect to see Princeton eventually benefited ten-fold more than there was a possibility of her being injured. Princeton needs but to be truthfully represented and she will stand her own with every other American college.

A few weeks ago the Gossip was struck with the thought of the omnipresence of lies. They seem to play a part in all the moods of life, and to be of such variety. Shall we ever forget how we reveled in those Arabian Knights? They were bold, prodigiously bold! But there lay their very flavor. Their audacity was captivating. We knew they were lies, but we fondled them. We cherished like a new top the lie which "hasn't a leg to stand upon," as De Quincy put it. We read them again and again and would have opposed their abolition most stoutly had it been necessary. Then the fairy tales, how we loved them. They were gilded and tinselied lies and wore moral coats.

"And after all what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade,"

says Byron, and whether what he said was true or not we know that moral truths were very popular with our childish fancies.

When we grew older we delighted in such vagaries as those told by Baron Munchausen; as for instance the story of his escape in a jungle—from two wild beasts, a lion and a crocodile, one on either side of him—by crouching down when the lion made a spring and rising to find with pleasure that the fierce king of the forest had landed squarely between the jaws of the water lord. The Baron was the prince of liars, if there ever was one. George William Curtis, in his short story of "The Flying Dutchman," mentions Munchausen in a singular and interesting manner. The Baron was on board that spectre ship and joining like the others in conjectures as to their unknown destination, he offended "the sailor with the dreamy eye" who "was fearfully angry. He drew himself up stiffly and said, 'Sir, you lie.' M. le Baron Munchausen took it in very good part. He smiled and held out his hand. 'My friend,' said he blandly, 'that is precisely what I have heard. I am glad you do me no more than justice.'"

Still later we enjoyed Lucian, who, believing that the large part of his story was invented by fertile brains, essayed to write a "True History," as it was ironically called. Then Diedrich Knickerbocker's History came in for appreciation and afterwards Gulliver and his travels. The last was a consummate satire. Brobdignag served his mission well. When lies are employed as educators they are playing a high rôle. Most of these are moral and instructive, strange as it may seem, that lies should ever be employed for such an office.

There is the braggadocio lie, which swaggers in like a Goliath and looks with disdain upon truth, a little David, a very little David. What a master of such was that rogue Falstaff? His lies flowed out from his lips as easily as his sack flowed in.

"He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool."

Only by his audacious boasting could he lay claim to virtue as he did, or lie out of debt when his hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern charged him to pay. He was ready for the moment and flatly denied the accusation, and to cover any discrepancies, swore he had been robbed in that very house. "I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd."

He developed the bragging lie in its best form when, after committing the highway robbery and being frightened out of the booty by Prince Hal, he recounted his adventures with a view to covering his cowardice, by saying, "I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, call me a horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me." Then it increases by three and five until—"With a thought seven of the eleven I paid."

There are the rollicking lies which enter with the utmost drollery and an arch look. Roughish falsehood is fond of masquerading in this guise. This same Falstaff answered the Chief Justice with such a lie. "For my voice, I have lost it with hallooing and singing of anthems;" and on another occasion he said, "If my wind were but long enough to say my prayers I would repent." Falstaff may well represent the truth of St. Augustine's statement: "Lying is a disagreement between a man's mind and his speech; for to lie is to say what we do not think."

A fourth kind are those knavish lies which lead on tragedy. Lies whose revelation gives one a chill and a shudder. Lies which are gray but cover scarlet—lies of blood! Numerous examples may be found in that terrible age of the Roman Emperors. Falsehoods which served the unscrupulous purposes of Agrippina, who trumped up a charge of sorcery and treason against her rival, Lollia Paulina, and caused her death; and later succeeded in dispatching her husband Claudius and installing her son Nero as Emperor by deceiving the rightful heir Britannicus. We can find a perfect artist of this type in Iago. How skillfully he played his part, always ready, and constantly holding Othello's love when every word was a lie! How successfully he insinuated jealousy into the heart of Othello! How treacherously he eulogized when it served his purpose! The lies which lead on tragedy.

There is one more species of lies—the pathetic lie. In this same tragedy, when Othello's mind has been poisoned by the devilish Iago, and his love has turned to hate, and our sympathies are wrapped up in the innocent and unsuspecting Desdemona,

"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet
That her motion
Blushed at itself,"

When her cries are almost smothered by the cruel act of her husband, and he is like to be betrayed by the entrance of Emilia, what could be more pathetic than that dying falsehood which would shield her beloved murderer?

Emilia—O, who hath done this deed?

Desdemona—Nobody; I myself. Farewell.

What pathos! Innocence shielding the guilty by lying with the dying breath!

It is a marvelous art that can appear in every phase of life and take so many characters. At the symposiums it is the most boisterous and genial. In the tragedies of life, the most cruel and stern. At the death-bed, the most pathetic. We laugh at its wit and sly glances; we are silenced by its boldness; we tremble and our blood is frozen at its cruelty and plotting, and we weep at its pathos.

This time the Gossip retires with pleasant anticipations of the holidays and Christmas tide, which so soon will be upon us.

Our college will be represented in song by the Glee Club. As lovers of music and loyal Princeton men, we should be glad to accompany the singers in their tour. Being unable to go, we send with them our best wishes. We hope St. Nick will remember the college stocking, and fill it with some large endowment or gift. If he has so many rounds to make that he will be obliged to pass us by, we would be glad to have him informed that the stocking will always be hung up and ready for him any time during the year. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

" Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;

' God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!

The Wrong shall fail,

The Right prevail,

' With peace on earth, good will to men.' "

HOW the season of the year determines the tone and character of the books published! In the spring when nature re-awakes, the springing grass and budding trees call forth all the poetry that is in man's nature, and the waste-paper basket of the publisher is filled with the effusions of the would-be poets. As the blush of spring grows into the bloom of summer, and the summer resorts are gay with the crowds of city belles and fashion's tired-out devotees, then the publishers cater to the public taste, and light fiction is abundant. The return to business and the succumbing of the excessive heat to the approach of that unexampled artist of the window-pane, bring with them more solid literature. And as the season advances and the shop windows become bright with holiday goods, then too the publishers become active and the artists show their ingenuity in illustrating standard authors and designing covers, and the literary men produce fresh evidences of their worth. Now we see new editions of the works of Scott, of Hawthorne, of Longfellow; some diligent editor collects the gems which have been scattered during the year through the monthly magazines, and fastening them between beautiful covers, provides splendid Christmas gifts. But the branch of literature which entails the greatest responsibility, and which is the most characteristic of our age, is the "juvenile literature." There was a time when people scouted at the idea of a literature especially for children, then, as men learned human nature better, they began writing exclusively for children, and the process has gone on beyond its proper limits, and the whole of such literature is not only brought within the limits of youthful understanding, but is made *too* juvenile. The quantity of children's books is tremendous, the quality, far too low.

But we are not pessimistic; many a book could be cited which though prepared especially for the nursery, and perfectly intelligible, and absorbingly interesting to its inmates, yet by reason of its literary merit has become classic. What can exceed the masterly English of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare!" Yet how adapted to childish understanding and how closely interpretative of the meaning. The kindly and loving spirit towards the little folks which is manifested in every line is especially appropriate to this season of good cheer, when every heart is light and

the spirit of that Angel-song is reflected through the ages into every home where Christmas is kept. Christmas! There is magic in the sound! It stops the flying wheels of business, and fills our hearts with good-will to our fellow-men; it trims our homes and churches with the festive holly and cements the brotherhood of man. Just as the crimson dawn precedes the splendor of the rising sun, and the gorgeous after-glow follows his retreating orb, so the light of Christmas in anticipation illumines even November, and in memory shines on into the New Year.

MAGAZINES.

Almost all our magazines give us this month especial treats in honor of that peerless of fêe days.

Scribner's Magazine is a holiday number of striking beauty and attractiveness in its illustrations, and the text of the articles will appeal to the fancy and sympathy of readers, rather than to their desire for instruction in practical affairs. With the exception of the fourth installment of Harold Frederic's serial, each article is complete in this issue. The contents include a sympathetic study of life in the poorest quarters of New York's tenements; a vigorous end paper, sure to provoke discussion, by Edward J. Phelps, Esq., ex-Minister to England; a genial and discriminating review of the whole field of American humorous drawing, by J. A. Mitchell, the founder and editor of *Life*; another story by Mr. H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, whose "Zadoc Pine" and "Squire Five-Fathom," in previous Christmas issues, will be recalled; a vivid and picturesque account of some characteristic Breton festivals; and a sunny picture of life and eccentric character on some of the least frequented of the Bahama Islands.

The author of "Agnes Surriage," Mr. Edwin Lassetter Bynner, opens the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly* with an article of interest to the antiquarian, and especially to the student of Old Boston. This paper is devoted to "The Old Bunch of Grapes" Tavern, one of the most famous New England hostleries of the last century, and Mr. Bynner gives an amusing account of the various events which took place within its hospitable walls. Mr. Henry Van Brunt's paper on "Architecture in the West" tells about the difficulties which western architects have to struggle against, and the new school of architecture which is gradually arising to solve the problem of making art keep step with progress without losing the finer and more delicate artistic sense. It will be studied by all western men and all architects with a great deal of interest. Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard College, contributes a paper on "School Vacations," and Mr. William Cranston Lawton, whose articles on the Greek drama have been among the best literary papers the *Atlantic* has lately had, writes about "Delphi: The Locality and its Legends." Miss Hope Notnor has a second paper on the romantic lives of the "Nieces of

Mazarin;" and "Latin and Saxon America" (the relations of this country with South American countries) forms the subject of a paper by Mr. Albert G. Browne. Mr. James's "Tragic Muse" is continued, and there is an installment of Mr. Bynner's serial, "The Begum's Daughter." Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Two Lyrics"—"A Dedication," and "Pillar'd Arch and Sculptured Tower"—have the grace which distinguishes the work of the editor of the *Atlantic*. Beside one or two other articles, there are reviews of the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison" and the "Century Dictionary," and these, with the usual departments, conclude a number of solid value.

We quote from the *Magazine of Art*, for December, the following on Mr. Herkomer's "The Last Muster," which forms the frontispiece of the number: "It is difficult to recall any picture which, within recent years, has so powerfully moved the public at the time of its exhibition as Prof. Herkomer's 'Last Muster.' * * * It was simply that the subject of the picture touched them profoundly, and that they recognized in these old men, so pathetically awaiting the end after hard work done, those whilom gallant fellows whose lives, a dozen times risked, had been devoted to their service; and that they were now mustered in the presence of God to await His 'last call.' Even as we look, one has obeyed the summons—beyond the power of his kindly neighbor to awaken him. Whether this pathetic, if painful, incident was originally intended by the artist, it is, I think, doubtful; it is said that 'Sunday at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea,' was originally to have been its title, but that profiting at the last moment by a happy thought, he adopted the idea and included the touching finale to the drama that seems to pass before our very eyes. For once the popular verdict received the confirmation of the æsthetic world, and the consummate skill in the artistic treatment of the picture—its composition, character, expression, color, and 'keeping' generally—extorted the admiration of artist and layman alike."

The December number of *Outing* is one of the best ever issued. There is a wealth of illustrations of a high grade. Some of Henry Sandham's best work is shown, and sterling artists like Dalziel and Hoskin have furnished most beautiful wood engravings. The opening article, "Wabun Anung," by F. Houghton, is a clear description of a tour in the region of the Great Lakes, beautifully illustrated. Another very noteworthy article is the "Merits and Defects of the National Guard," by the eminent authority, Lieut. W. R. Hamilton. The criticism will assuredly call forth much discussion. We note further the "Game of Curling," by James Hedley; a very interesting illustrated article by W. I. Lincoln Adams, on "Instantaneous Photography;" and "Women and their Guns." "Our Vista," "Snow Sculpture," "The Age of Sail," and "A Skating Interlude," are poems of much merit. The editorial departments present authoritative opinions on questions of the day, while the records show what has been accomplished in the various pastimes.

John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," "Bruneton's Bayou," etc., contributes the complete novel for the current number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is a remarkable and strikingly original story, dealing with the life of an ex-convict who, while serving his term in prison, becomes converted to Christianity. The hero does not embrace any particular form of belief, and is a man of limited intelligence, but he earnestly tries to live up to the light that is in him, and so is brought into sharp contrast with many about him who are followers of the letter rather than of the spirit of Christianity. The moral change wrought in the life of the ex-convict, his influence upon others, his family relations, his struggles, are described with a graphic pen.

In "The New Troubadours at Avignon" William Henry Bishop gives a charming description of the ancient town of Avignon, and tells of his meetings with Roumanille, the celebrated Provençal poet, with Mistral, and a number of the *Félibres*. Robert Grant contributes a very clever story entitled "Against His Judgment." Melville Phillips prints some letters from a Russian exile, Leon, to Chief-Engineer Melville, and tells the sad story of the young Russian's banishment to one of the coldest and most barren sections of Northern Siberia.

The December *Century* opens with a series of unpublished letters written by the Duke of Wellington, in his very last days, to a young married lady of England. These letters present the Iron Duke in a very attractive light—amiable and unpretending; the careful guardian of the children of his friend in their childish illnesses. Besides pictures of the Duke's residence, etc., there are three portraits of Wellington; the imposing full-length picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence being used as frontispiece.

The "personal interest" is very strongly continued in Joseph Jefferson's autobiography, which this month covers wide ground, and goes into the most amusing details concerning "Barn-storming in Mississippi," an interesting character called Pudding Stanley, Jefferson's Mexico experiences (just after the Mexican War), his reminiscences of the Wallacks, John E. Owens, Burton, etc.

Mr. Charles Barnard's illustrated article on "The New Croton Aqueduct" is the first full account of that marvelous and unique engineering work. A striking feature of this paper is Mr. Barnard's exposé of the frauds in the building of the aqueduct—the empty places in the masonry being shown by means of photographs.

The Rev. W. E. Griffis, the well-known authority on Japan, writes of "Nature and People" in that fascinating island—more of Theodore Wores' pictures being given in this connection. Mr. Wores' "An American Artist in Japan," in a recent number, will be remembered.

The two celebrated French painters, Alfred Stevens and Gervex, give pictures of their "Paris Panorama of the Nineteenth Century," and tell how they came to construct the work, and their method of putting it on the canvas.

Besides the Christmas and other poetry of this number, Mr. Stedman has a poem inspired by Fortuny's famous "Spanish Lady," and accompanied by an engraving of the picture.

The chapters of the Lincoln Life deal with the fall of Richmond and Lincoln's visit to the abandoned capital. Mrs. Van Rensselaer gives briefly her impressions of the French Exhibition; and the editorial pages come to the defense of civil service reform.

EXCHANGES.

One of the most frequently urged objections given by careful parents to sending their boys away to college is the bad habits there contracted, and the general low state of religion. That this question is one of the most important ones ever presented to educators is well attested by that recent splendid sermon of President Patton. Dr. Patton certainly understands young college men, and if every student in this land should read and ponder what he told us that Sunday in chapel, we would hear much less about the low moral character of American students. *The University*, whose re-appearance we join with our contemporaries in welcoming, has a well written article on this subject. The writer earnestly supports the creation of a college chaplain, who shall have sole oversight of the religious life of the student. This is an excellent idea in some respects, and where the President is not a clergyman or his other duties occupy all his time, it seems to be the most feasible plan yet proposed. We have a special note of praise for the engraving in this number, called "Electra." We hope the non-appearance of the November number does not mean a second suspension of its publication.

"Clytemnestra and Lady Macbeth" is the title of one of the best essays we have seen in *The Hamilton Lit.* It is a comparative study of these two famous characters of dramatic skill.

We do not understand why some of the publications of our sister Colleges—some of them even call themselves *Universities*—fall so far below those from some of our Preparatory Schools in literary merit. For instance, the *Phillips Exeter Lit.*, in the general tone of its contents shows much more literary discrimination in the selection of its articles and more real worth in the articles themselves than does either *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Texas University* or *The Southern Collegian*, each of which is published at a so-called University. The first and last mentioned of these have, however, improved greatly in the past year.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST HUMOROUS AUTHORS. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. 4. VOLS., \$6 00.)

We cannot read far into these books without realizing, in the fullest sense, that the literature of humor is golden. Only modern humor is really worthy of this appellation, as ancient wit was always tinged with grim satire, and only as men grew more social, and more and more realized the brotherhood of human kind, did their pleasantry become imbued with that sympathy which characterizes humor proper and dropped the selfishness which makes "wit laugh at things." Then, too, translation destroys the exquisiteness of the work, and prevents true appreciation, so that the present selections consist wholly of English and American productions. But this restriction to our own language has only increased the feast of good things, as this tongue embraces the most work of the highest value. In the first two volumes Mr. Morris has made us acquainted with the best attainable view of American humor, while he has done the same for English humorists in volumes three and four. As the holidays approach we cannot help thinking that this set would form a most acceptable present, not only because here we have the finest humor of Holmes, Irving, Clemens, Stockton, Field, Burdette, Woodbridge and many others of lesser fame, but also because of their handy form and attractive binding, which always adds much to the enjoyment of a book.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB. (NEW YORK: A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON.)

Though first intended only for children, the testimony of seventy years has raised the book to the place of an English classic, and has opened the portal of the "inner shrine" of our greatest of dramatists, not only to inmates of the nursery, but also to those who have learned to appreciate the original. And to the original there can be no introduction so simple, and at the same time so helpful even to us, in connection with careful study of the individual plays. We can commend this edition with all our hearts to those of us who are especially interested at this time in the study of Shakespeare, for the truest insight into the meaning of the text, and the most skillful interweaving of the moral into the body of the story.

STUDIES IN PEDAGOGY. BY THOS. J. MORGAN. (BOSTON: SILVER, BURDETT & Co.)

The increase of pedagogical literature in this country in the past few years is something very gratifying to teachers and all friends of education. This volume is a series of papers on the general subject of pedagogy, taking it up in its several aspects, and devoting a chapter to each point most necessary to a successful teacher. A teacher at the present time must be thoroughly imbued with his subject, and this is just the book to teach him how to become so. Some of the most important and best chapters are those on Training to Think, Training to Learn, Training to Use Books. These chapters ought to be read and carefully digested and acted upon by every one who expects to be distinguished from the common herd. The thoughts put forth in them are the true diamonds which, though not new, flash as brightly and are just as serviceable as when first discovered. The work ends with some practical advice to a young teacher, which it would be well for our schools if more would heed.

CHRISTIANITY AND AGNOSTICISM. (NEW YORK: THE HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING CO. 30c.)

If, several months ago, one had wanted the most recent and the most advanced opinions of the recognized scientific authorities upon what is the most important discussion of modern times, namely, the debate between the advocates of agnosticism and the defenders of Christianity, he would have been compelled to resort to the more philosophical periodicals of both Europe and America. But to-day that is all done for him, and all he need do is to pick up a cheap but very clearly printed pamphlet published as one of the series in the Humboldt Library. Every intelligent citizen—nay, every human being, tossed about with doubts and misgivings whether we can know God and whether Christianity is possible, should hail the day when in so portable a form he can have at hand a choice collection of the opinions of the most eminent thinkers. It is but another example of the valuable work of such an organization as the Humboldt Publishing Co. They have made a great advance in the modern facilities for general information. For a few cents a man can have at hand the highest authorities in almost any branch of science, literature or philosophy.

THE NEGRO IN MARYLAND. BY JEFFREY R. BRACKETT. (PUBLICATION AGENCY JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY: BALTIMORE, MD.)

A complete historical treatment of the negro question in Maryland. In the introduction the author shows the prevalent ideas of the age of Maryland's settlement with regard to slavery in general, and how these affected the treatment of the Indians in the New World. He then treats

in chronological order the introduction of the negro slaves into Maryland, of their treatment, their rights, the legislation in regard to them, etc., and, carrying on the history through manumission and emancipation, ends with an interesting account of the "Free Negro." It is one of the series of Historical and Political Science, and, in view of the renewed and pressing claims of the race problem upon our statesmen and educational thinkers, it ought to be possessed and read by all. But laying aside all such claims upon our attention, one cannot find a more interesting or pleasant companion for a leisure hour even among the floods of high-class fiction, which are accessible to most of us.

MEMOIRS OF A MILLIONAIRE. BY LUCIA TRUE AMES. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Too few indeed are the really rich people who are so imbued with true charity that their fortune is devoted to making better worth living the lives of our poor brethren. Human nature prefers the trumpet of earthly applause, and their fortunes go where they will raise the biggest noise. The heroine of this volume, however, belonged to the minority, and Miss Mildred Brewster's name has become known to the less fortunate of our fellow-citizens as the best friend they ever had. Although she was only in the full ripeness of her early womanhood when she died, and had had her fortune but one year, that year was long enough to sow seeds from which millions shall reap perennial harvests. This work, though necessarily imperfect, gives us a most interesting account of her life and the many Christian projects which her sudden acquisition gave her the power to carry out.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. BY O. W. HOLMES (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., TWO VOLUMES.)

To attempt to criticise that upon which the judgment of thirty years has proved so favorable, would be presumptuous as well as unnecessary. Though written a generation ago, and though the world has made such progress since its first publication, we lose sight of all these discrepancies when we take up this work, and are surely very glad that Dr. Holmes concluded to make no changes. The notes which he then added, in their exquisite humor and in the information which they contain, effect a sufficient adaptation to contemporary times. The publishers have issued this edition in excellent shape, and we hope that many of these volumes will find their way into the hands of the rising generation during the coming season of gifts and good will.

THE LILY AMONG THORNS. BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS, D.D. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The critical study of the Hebrew language has, during the last century, greatly aided in the understanding of the sacred text. One of the great-

est stumbling-blocks to the delicate minded, and one of the sharpest weapons of the coarse-mouthed, has been the harsh translation of the Song of Songs. This volume is a study of this unparalleled and delicate love song of the purest of maidens, based on the truer and subtler interpretation of the original Hebrew contained in the Revised Version. It contains the history and criticism of the Song, then the Revised translation, and finally comments and studies, which bring out the story and exalt it far above vulgar criticism.

THE CHURCH IN MODERN SOCIETY. BY JULIUS H. WARD. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

From earliest times religion has been the conserving force of Society. The Church of Christ, in modern times, has become so broken up by denominationalism, that it has to a great extent lost this property. Now, however, men are beginning to see that all the different creeds have something in common, and that it is this community of spirit that is to make the Church exert the same "influence in the social life that the national government exerts in the political and economic life of the people." This book in showing how this may be done has accomplished the aim of the author.

A KNIGHT OF FAITH. BY LYDIA HOYT FARMER. (NEW YORK: J. S. OGDEN.)

The publication of "Robert Elsmere" called forth much criticism from able writers. But after all it only crystallized in print views which have always had more or fewer supporters. This book is a religious novel, expressing the opposite sentiment from that in the above cited work. It puts in a good light the arguments in favor of the divinity of Christ, skillfully weaving in a pleasing love story, and certainly a beautiful Madonna-like girl, such as the heroine, inspired with such a Christ-like spirit and armed with such logic, drawn from our most eminent divines, could almost convince and win over even Robert Elsmere, and surely would succeed with any one whose convictions did not, like his, form his very soul itself. Let honest doubters read it, it is a powerful book.

LITERARY LAND MARKS. BY MARY E. BURT. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Judicious reading is a mighty instrument of education, and one of the prime requisites of such a course is a connected knowledge of all the greatest writers, from antiquity till the present time. The outline of such a knowledge this book aims to give the young reader, and to those of larger growth who have drunk more or less deeply from the fount of literature, it will prove of great value in classifying and making available their varied acquisitions. The book ends with a very excellent list of books.

which all young people should read, adapted especially to school children, but not to be despised by those who have passed this age without a knowledge of the works here mentioned. We recommend it as thoroughly reliable, and just the thing for teachers and parents.

THE STORY OF BOSTON. BY ARTHUR GILMAN. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. \$1.75.)

This is not a local history, as the early history of Boston was very closely connected with that of the whole country, and we cannot read the story of Boston without observing two things—the vigorous physical struggle of liberty against monarchy, and the effect of discussion on the typical American civilization. This is a thorough and most entertaining history of the “Hub” through a most thrilling period of our country's development. It forms a most important picture in the series, by these publishers, of the Great Cities of the Republic.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. \$1.00.

AMERICAN WAR BALLADS. EDITED WITH NOTES BY GEO. CARY EGGLESTON. 2 VOLS., \$2.50. (KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS. NEW YORK G. P. PUTNAM & SONS.)

As dainty and delicious morsels to an epicure so are the *Nuggets* to book lovers. We no sooner finish praising one little volume than another issues from Putnam's magic press to call forth a renewed burst of admiration. We have on our table this month the *American War Ballads*, a selection of the more note-worthy of the ballads and lyrics which were produced during the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Civil War. Many of the familiar and more of the unfamiliar but excellent ballads are here collected and printed in a most attractive manner, with a large number of original illustrations. We have also received *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*. It is its own advertisement, and nothing we could say would add anything to the appreciation of it.

NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE. MEMOIRS BY MADAME DURAND. (CHICAGO: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

These memoirs, written by one who had such a knowledge of the private life of one of the greatest, and at the same time one of the most unfortunate of men, will have an interest and authenticity which will appeal to many. Not being literary, nor claiming to be, its only value is that it gives a true account of the most misinterpreted actions of a much misunderstood man, such as his divorce and re-marriage, upon which it throws much light. It was written to counteract a jaundiced and disfigured biography by a London editor.

WIVES OF MEN OF GENIUS. BY ALPHONSE DAUDET. TRANSLATED BY EDWARD WAKEFIELD. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON CO. 75c. AND \$1.25.)

From an artistic standpoint, at least, this book is a success. The illustrations are perfect for their purpose, and, combined with excellent reading matter, make this number of the publisher's "International Library" above most of its predecessors in point of interest. The tales are full of interest, being well wrought up and well translated. But Alphonse Daudet needs no introduction to the reading public, and it suffices to say that this collection of sketches will, in the present translation, prove acceptable to all lovers of light character studies.

A TENT BY THE LAKE, AND OTHER POEMS. BY D. J. DONAHOE. (JOHN B. ALDEN, NEW YORK.)

In these days of rhyme and reason, many call themselves poets who have little right to the title. Rhyme without reason seems to be in too many cases the order of the day. This does not strictly apply to the book before us, but it must be acknowledged that there is much more rhyme and rhythm than poetry in Mr. Donahoe's collection of verses. There is too much jingle and too little judgment in the versification. Weak lines are abundant, and while the "Tent by the Lake" will no doubt be of interest to the friends of the author, he must not expect the "wide, wide world" to have the same interest in "William Walton, young and tall," "Josiah Ashley, far less light," and the other personages of this rhythmic tale.

READY FOR BUSINESS. PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS. (NEW YORK: FOWLER & WELLS Co.)

This book is an answer to the questions which every boy must ask himself when starting in life as to the advantages and disadvantages of the various trades; and being the opinion of successful men in each branch of business, it is entitled to the careful attention of every such boy. Of "how to succeed in life" the writer has little to say. Fidelity, steadiness and determination are prime qualifications for success in everything, and armed with them the boy is sure to climb high.

A LIFE'S REMORSE. BY THE DUCHESS. (J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., PHILADELPHIA. 25 CENTS.)

This novel is a story of the life of an aristocratic murderer. His crime is accidental and the culprit unknown, and he takes refuge in his country house to escape the scenes of his crime. He successfully hides, and despite his melancholy disposition he almost wins the hand of one of Ireland's fairest and noblest daughters, to whom he finally leaves his large fortune. The plot is fairly good, but the style and thought are com-

monplace, and in some places the grammar is abominable. It is not up to the standard of this firm's fiction, but is much better than the common run of such cheap novels.

ANECDOTES NOUVELLES. (NEW YORK: CHAS. E. MERRILL & Co.)

This is a list of easy and amusing French stories, compiled for the first lessons. It is prefaced by a few useful hints as to the teaching of beginners, and the anecdotes are selected in an ascending ratio of difficulty, and are of such a character as to make the child forget that he is studying a lesson by the pleasant and useful information regarding the French institutions, manners and customs. It is of value as a reference book for the general reader, as well as a thorough and clear text-book on the language. It has a few well-directed notes.

CLEOPATRA'S DAUGHTER. BY WM. ARMSTRONG. (BOSTON: DE-WOLFE, FISKE & Co.)

This is a Romance of a Branch of Roses. It is always poor style to disperse so many foreign words or phrases throughout a book that it interferes with its perfect understanding by the general reader. This is the fault of this book to so great an extent that only those thoroughly conversant with French and German can enjoy it. To such we would recommend it as very interesting for an idle hour. It is tastefully bound.

ERLACH COURT. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MRS. A. L. WISTER. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co. \$1.25.)

Our readers are probably conversant with the story. The heroine is a pure, lovely young Austrian baroness, who meets and falls in love with a noble of her own country. He is somewhat her senior, but she cannot marry him because of social complications which for several years bring torture to her and him. Finally love breaks down all barriers and they are happily married. The book gives a good idea of the social life of the nobility of the time.

AMONG THE CANNIBALS OF NEW GUINEA. BY REV. S. MCFARLANE, LL.D. (PHILADELPHIA PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.)

One of the greatest enterprises of Christianity is the spread of the true religion among the Heathen. This is an historical account of the New Guinea Mission, told in a winning manner. "Those first years of pioneer work," "amidst sickness, suffering and death," form a most interesting story. It is a study of the curious customs and characters of the savages, and much more worth one's reading than the fiction we are so fond of.

WHATSOEVER. BY CHARLOTTE ARNOLD. (PHILADELPHIA: PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.)

This is one of the usual order of Sunday-school books. The story is pleasing and well told, and illustrates the principle that doing the little things that come to hand is the best way of making the world better and the surest road to that commendation so much desired by us all, and which shall be pronounced by the Judge at the last day, to those on his right hand.

HEROES OF THE CRUSADES. BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS. (BOSTON: LEE AND SHEPARD.)

This is a fine gift-book for the season. It contains the whole history of the Crusades, written in an interesting style and describing the several leaders and prominent men of those strange times, such as Peter the Hermit, and Godfrey of Bouillon. It has profuse illustrations by Doré, whose name alone speaks their quality.

THOUSAND MILES UP THE NILE. DR. AMELIA EDWARDS. (NEW YORK: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS. \$2.50.)

Admirers of Dr. Amelia B. Edwards will be glad to learn that her "Thousand Miles Up the Nile" is again in the market and so once more obtainable. The book, it will be remembered, is a narrative of her first visit to Egypt—a visit which marked the beginning of her Egyptological studies. When first published by the Longmans, ten years back, its cost was so high as to be all but prohibitory to the general reader, but last autumn the Routledges assumed its publication and issued it in a revised (though unabridged) form, and at a more reasonable price, the wisdom of which course became immediately manifest in the speedy exhaustion of the edition.

MAN AND HIS WORLD. BY JOHN DAREY. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co. \$1.)

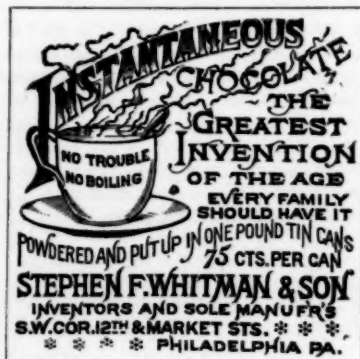
CALENDAR.

Nov. 1st.—Annual Handicap Games of the P. C. A. A.

Nov. 2d.—Foot-ball, Princeton vs. Wesleyan, at New York; score, 98-0.....Meeting of the Central Inter-Collegiate Press Association at Philadelphia. Officers elected as follows: President, J. H. Penniman, of the *Pennsylvanian*; Vice-President, R. W. Illingworth, of the *Dickinsonian*; Secretary and Treasurer, J. S. Van Cleve, of the *Princetonian*.First Division Chapel Stage Speaking.

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Molasses
Chips,
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NOV. 4TH.—Foot-ball Convention at New York composed of the Graduate Advisory Committee and the undergraduate representatives of the Inter-Collegiate Foot-ball Association.

NOV. 5TH.—Election dayFoot-ball, Princeton vs Columbia, at New York; score, 71-0.

NOV. 9TH.—Freshmen tug-of-war team victorious at the Y. M. C. A. games at Philadelphia.....Second Division Chapel Stage Speaking.

NOV. 7-14TH.—Mr. Sayford's sojourn with us.

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Nov. 14TH.—Annual Fall meeting of the Trustees of the College.

Nov. 16TH.—Foot-ball—Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge; score, 15-41.

Nov. 19TH.—J. C. Van Dyke's first lecture in his art course. Subject: "Art for Art's Sake."

Nov. 21ST.—J. C. Van Dyke's second lecture. Subject: "Color, its Differences and the Manners of its use in Modern Art.".....Senior Class meeting. Committee to draw up resolutions governing Class Day elec-

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tions, as follows: J. J. Charlton, A. S. Guffey, C. H. Miner, W. L. Phelps and D. L. Pierson.

Nov. 23D.—Foot-ball—Yale vs. Harvard, at Springfield; score, 6-0..... Princeton vs. Orange A. C., at Princeton; score, 54-6.....Third Division Chapel Stage speaking.

Nov. 26TH.—Fourth Division Chapel Stage speaking.

Nov. 28TH.—Thanksgiving. Foot-ball—Yale vs. Princeton, at New York; score, 0-10. Princeton wins the championship.

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CLIO HALL, Nov. 8th, 1889.

WHEREAS, God, in His inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to call from the world unto Himself our friend and former associate, Frederick Jay Knox; and,

WHEREAS, We recognized in him an honored alumnus of Clio Hall, and one who was honorably devoted to its best interests; therefore,

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathies to those by whom this loss is felt most deeply; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be published in the *Princetonian* and NASSAU LIT.

J. H. DUNHAM,

J. G. WILSON,

A. B. COLLINS, *Chairman*.
